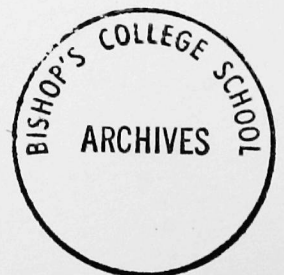




1936



King's Hall Magazine
Committee
1936

Editor

MISS STANSFIELD

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B. BATEMAN - - - Literary Editor
B. WOODYATT - - - Business Editor

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F. THOMSON - - - - VI:A
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J. RICHMOND - - - V:B & IV:A

EXCHANGES

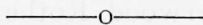
- "The Mitre"—Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P. Q.
"Trafalgar Echoes"—Trafalgar Institute, Montreal.
The Study Magazine—The Study, Montreal.
"School Magazine"—Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
The Trinity University Review—Trinity College, Toronto.
"The Pibroch"—Strathallan School, Hamilton.
Leeds Girls' High School Magazine—Leeds, England.
"News Sheet"—St. Mary's School, Calne.
The Ovenden Chronicle—Ovenden, Barrie, Ont.
The Edgehill Review,—Edgehill, Nova Scotia.
Hatfield Hall Magazine—Cobourg, Ontario.
The Clio—Miss Beard's School, Orange, N.J.
"The Tallow Dip"—Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.

EDITORIAL

Last year in our editorial we were guilty of making a complaint. We complained that the magazine then being issued was the result of the work and effort of a bare third of the school, while the remaining two-thirds, many of them quite capable of helping, did nothing. While not flattering ourselves that this taunt has had an effect (for we sincerely believe that no one reads the editorial) yet we are very glad to be able to say that this number is the result of the labour of more than fifty per cent of the school.

Prizes, as usual, took the form of tuck, but to stimulate general keenness we also had a chart this year. This has become gradually black with names and gay with stars, as contributions have rolled in and been accepted. The stars record the number of contributions accepted from each form, while the colour denotes to which house the contributor belongs. As we close the entries we see that, with the exception of VI-A, there is the same percentage of contributors in each form. The Matriculation form, however, have supplied the greatest number of contributions. In the inter-house competition MacDonald leads, with Montcalm a close second.

We take great pleasure in thanking the members of our committee, who have been unusually keen. We thank, too, all our contributors, and those who helped in the background—both these we know about and those we do not. Our very grateful thanks are due, too, to our generous advertisers, whose names may be read at the end of the magazine.



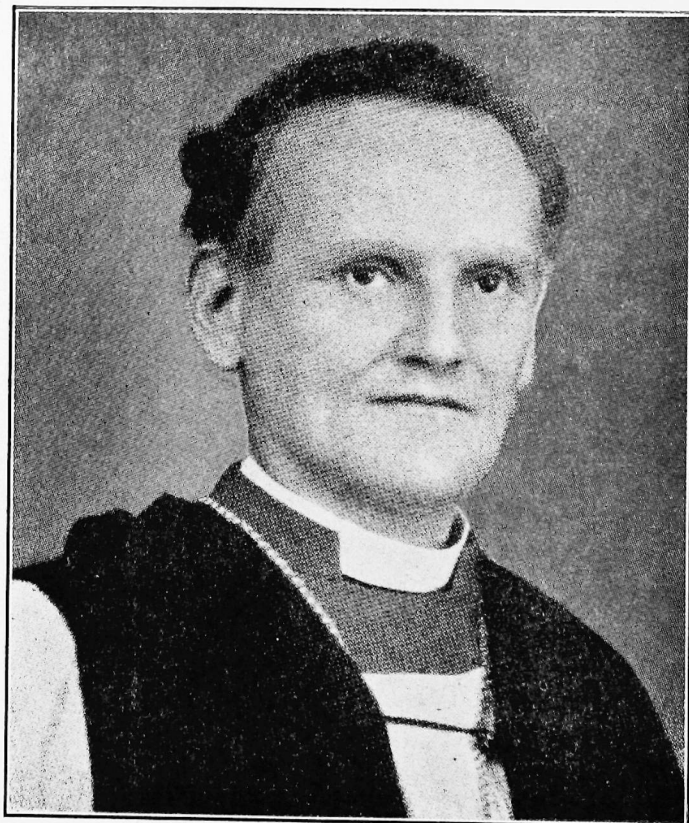
COMPETITION

During the coming year we are holding a competition for a new cover design for the magazine. This competition is open to Old Girls as well as to present girls, and we hope for a great many entries.

In designing this cover we suggest changing the shape of the magazine, the present one being rather awkward from the point of view of type-setting. A shorter, wider magazine would be preferable.



Miss Gillard



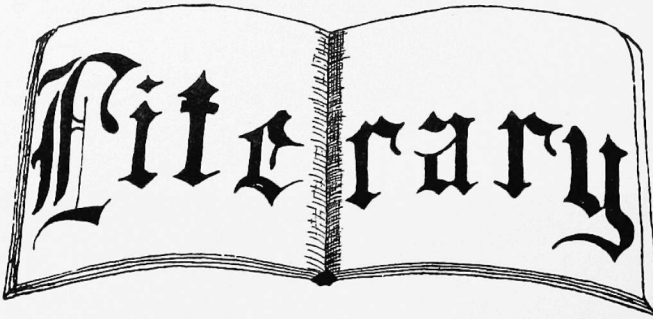
The Bishop

THE BISHOP

On behalf of the girls of King's Hall, the magazine wishes to extend a very hearty welcome to our new Bishop, the Right Rev. Philip Carrington, M.A., S.T.D., D.C.L.

As Dean of the University of Lennoxville he has been a familiar figure to us for some time. That he is a man of parts has been made manifest on several occasions. Last year, as director of "As You Like It" at the University, he rendered the production particularly delightful by the use of scenery designed and executed by himself.

We are looking forward to seeing the Bishop and Mrs. Carrington very often in the future. And we hope that the Bishop will take a fatherly interest in our school affairs; giving us the benefit, not only of his spiritual guidance, but of his many talents in connection with matters temporal.



"THESE HAVE I LOVED"

Memories, like stray wisps of smoke, and a twilight long ago . . .

There was a dull red sofa and a drowsy, wood fire. There were warm shadows playing hide and seek on cream walls, and over all lingered the scent of holly. You watched the smoke from your cigarettes drift aimlessly and the fire-light was soft on the pale gold of her hair.

A rainy night, with street lamps splashing pools of yellow light on shiny pavements, and shiny cars driving past very fast. Hordes of people, very wet with dull faces, hurried past you but you didn't see them, you didn't know it was raining, because it didn't matter. All that mattered was that you were walking along together and you wanted to laugh aloud. On top of the world the electric signs beat their tattoo upon the sky.

There had been the day on the roof of the deserted cottage up on the hill, seeing the islands very small and the river far away. The roof had been hot and you remembered what a noise the crickets had made. Her hair was so fair it had seemed white with the sun shining on it.

Wind against your face and tousled poppies in a field — a long white road that never ended, and your foot pressed hard to the floor of the car. You didn't stop because you knew that you must go on forever.

And now there are memories, like stray wisps of smoke — the scent of holly, and shiny pavements, the noise of crickets, and tousled poppies . . . these have I loved.

—Barbara Bateman, Matric.

MUSIC

Music, to my mind, is one of the greatest of God's gifts, so I can think of no subject as suitable to write about.

Firstly, there is the music made by man—beautiful, weird, crashing chords, rippling arpeggios, strange trills, exotic melodies—music that thrills, then changing, saddens you; music that lifts the heart from misery deep and soothes the aching soul.

But, the original, the music of nature is surely the most perfect thing of all, for this is the music of God.

Listen some summer's night—through the silence comes to you the soft crooning of pine trees, wind whispering through the rushes; frogs singing, a whippoorwill crying its lonesome cry, waves lapping against the shore, quietly. This is music, soft, plaintive, sad even, but always beautiful. It is from this that great composers get inspiration.

But suddenly the song changes! Great chords crash up and down, louder and louder; terrified, you hate it all, until its true beauty dawns upon you.

Instead of shuddering when trees groan and creak, and of crying out in fear when great ocean waves dash against the rocks, you stand in awe of this glorious chaos and marvel at the wild passionate music of it all.

It is then that you understand music, and instead of being bored when a great musician plays, your spirit soars with his along singing streams, through pine forests, into great caverns deep under the sea, and you are filled with God's greatest gift.

“The man that has no music in himself
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.”

—Rea Pease, Matric.

ESSAY ON A PERSONALITY

There were six books between a pair of clever book-ends. A flaming yellow wrapper on the first one holds the picture of a pert young blonde. As one flips through the pages, stray bits from the love-life of a modern sub-deb written in the unique slang of the modern sub-deb, catch your eye. "If the light of your life goes out," says modern youth philosophically, "you can always strike another match." Pressed tight against it is a shoddy little leather book, the works of a young war poet. The pages are well thumbed, and here and there a line or two underlined in pencil, "Touch of your hand and smell of your hair."

"Somewher a new day sprawls—"

"Opposite me two Germans sweat and snore."

Or perhaps it is a chance description — "the white edge of the world"—youth's poetry.

Somehow after that one would not expect to see the thin book of odd Russian fairy tales; funny little stories, faint echoes of the Russia of long ago, quaintly old-world illustrations of fantastical two-headed giants. Are they old friends treasured from childhood?—perhaps.

A modern book, so modern it boasts no punctuation — this is a book of bitterly clever essays, essays that cruelly and painstakingly display the weaknesses of human nature. It is a book that makes one laugh—and then stop suddenly wondering perhaps whether one should not be crying. The big book comes next. It is very heavy and ponderous-looking, but oddly enough it is a book of emotions—plays, plays, plays; sad plays, gay plays, drawing-room comedies, historical tragedies . . . the names of famous playwrights march bravely across the front.

And what could this little black book contain? Such a very business-like little book and yet inside—neat lines of handwriting, "Few people have the courage to be as good as they really are." . . . a tiny verse, scraps of original poetry, odd descriptions, "lightning is the wit of heaven." . . . a fascinating patchwork of words hidden in such a very business-like little book.

Perhaps we put it back in place a little regretfully—there is so much it tells. Thoughtfully we look at those six brave books between a very clever pair of book-ends. A personality . . . we shake our heads sadly—if we could but find it.

—B. Bateman, Matric.

WRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND

The ship was sinking fast and the passengers were running around the deck like flies. The crew were trying hard to organize parties and get them off in lifeboats. Finally as I saw them all rowing away in the distance, I realized that in my excitement I had neglected the rather important fact of getting into one of the boats myself. Suddenly a sailor hustled me on to a very crude kind of raft, and murmured something about this not being quite the time for daydreaming. At that instant I came to my senses and realized that the boat was sinking and the passengers had all been bundled off in lifeboats with the crew, and I was left with but a raft and a long-legged sailor. I asked him if he had any kind of supplies, but by the look on his face I gathered that he had not really thought of them. On to the lop-sided deck I ran, gathering up a chest of tools which I handed to the sailor, and a large bottle of drinking water. As I came to the stairs leading to the kitchens I hesitated wondering whether I dare go down to them, but I quickly decided that drowning is no worse than starving to death. The shelves were full of canned foods which I dumped into a flour sack along with bread, meat and fruit. The ship gave a great lurch as I grabbed a tablecloth from a drawer. I ran up the stairs again with the sack dragging behind me. There stood the sailor, still with the bottle of water and chest of tools, while some papers, I noticed, were bundled under his arm. We got onto the raft and were pushing away with a long pole as the boat gave a final lurch and began to go down very rapidly, the waves it sent out made me feel as though I was on a roller-coaster instead of being stranded on a raft in the South Seas.

The sun was setting and there was a small breeze that rippled the water. The long pole was erected with the table-cloth attached to it, we skimmed along the water towards an island in the distance.

After looking about the island, which did not take long, we felt that we were both lucky and hoped that the other passengers had been equally fortunate. The sailor smiled as I began to rub two sticks together, a method I had perfected in my Girl Guide days, but we soon had a cozy little fire blazing. We opened a can of beans which were demolished surprisingly soon, but we realized that we must go sparingly on all food. With the chest of tools we cut a few small palms and built a shelter, dividing it into two parts with the table cloth. By the firelight we read the papers that I had seen the sailor tuck under his arm. Looking at the arrival and departure of boats we found out that a boat would

be passing by our island in a week's time. In the meanwhile we were able to build a more elaborate hut with our tools, and cut firewood. We had drinking water along with the milk from cocoanuts, food to last a week, papers to read, and the companionship of one another.

—Dorianne Finnie, Arts.

ALARM CLOCKS

Anyone sleeping on the top corridor of this school will be sure to hear, no matter how heavy a sleeper, the sounds, which, if they were in the city would be interpreted as the twelve o'clock whistle or the local fire engine out on a call, but which come really from the ghastly instrument of torture designed to wake us up.

First you hear a small tinkle which signifies a product of the "first it whispers, then it shouts" factory. Then a deep roar followed by a tinny bang tells you of the many cheap varieties that are screeching their way through the oblivion of many sleepers.

If you think there is no such thing as modernity or style in an alarm clock you are very much mistaken, because you have just to look at the old tin clock with its great fire-bell on top and then compare it with the small, white affair which is being sold now, with no sign of any fiendish attachment for noise.

Alarm clocks are very important but also very unpopular. In many colleges it is the custom when you graduate to throw away the thing you hated most during your college life, and four out of every five articles thrown on the heap are alarm clocks. But in spite of their unpopularity we still continue to hear their shrill and harsh sounds every morning.

—R. Luton, VI B.

HONOUR

Long before the Great War there were two boys at school in London. One was Larry Thomas, the son of a manufacturer, and the other Carl Bernstein, a German boy who wished to learn English. These boys became inseparable during their seven years of school together and they made many secret pledges. One was that if either of them was in danger or distress, the other would come to his aid. They swore to this on their word of honour and kept it until they parted.

Several years after, the Great War broke out, and Larry enlisted. He was an excellent soldier and was chosen to lead a body of men to repair the fence line. They accomplished their work and all managed to reach their trenches but Larry, who was hit, and fell. His comrades could only watch him lie there and slowly die for it was far too dangerous to risk the German guns and give medical attention to the young officer. Suddenly a grey form rushed out from the enemy trenches, picked up the still form of the British officer, and bore it to the opposite trench. The bullets of his comrades who might have thought him a traitor for an instant, or the guns of the British who at first suspected a plot, did not alarm him. His word of honour, given when he was a schoolboy, could not be broken, even at the risk of his own life.

—Florence Flynn, Matric.

MOTHER GOOSE THROUGH THE AGES

Like Shakespeare, Mother Goose is not for an age but for all time. We have been wondering how she might have appeared in different ages had she altered her dress to suit the period, instead of clinging persistently to the same plain though serviceable garments.

We imagine an early English nursery rhyme:

Tom, Tom the pipin sune,
Seon som mete & wende he erne;
The mete wes fin & Tom wes bare,
& Tom wond und reineth to stedes.

Then again a Chaucerian version:

There was also a maid y-clept Marie;
But she nas nat the soul of charitee,

But as I guesse contrairie was alway
 E'en when she in her garden sheen did stray.
 All borderèd hit was with cockle-shells,
 And sweet arose the chime of silver bells,
 While on a row there weren maidens bright,
 And silkerly hit was a faire sight.

Or as Shakespeare might have put it:

Simon:

Who goes there? Why 'tis none other but the pieman!
 O, the sweet wind that breathes upon thy pies,
Stealing and giving odour, delicious odour.
 If pies be the food of fools, i' faith,
 Give me excess of them, that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.

Pieman:

Away! I'll none o' thee, thou simple fool,
 Unless thou hast some money for the purchase.

Simon:

Alas, i' faith, my purse is nought but empty.
 Farewell, my fellow, I must needs be gone.

(Exeunt)

And to be really up-to-date:

mother hubbard
 dog.
 cupboard bare? ?
 swear!! ?
 jack! jill!!
 . . . up hill . . . water.
 fumble! stumble!!
 headache? ! ?

—Rena Luton, VI-B.

—Margaret Davis, VI-B.

—Josette La Caille, VI-B.

THE CURSE OF SHYNESS

There is absolutely no one in all this great wide world who does not suffer, at one time or another, from that feeling of awe, self-consciousness or embarrassment, known as shyness. Of course different people show it at different times, in different ways, and to different extents.

The chubby six-months-old, with a grinning audience of terrifying monsters around its cot, is rendered quite speechless, and will utter not even the slightest gurgle on being asked to show off its vocal chords.

But that is nothing to the feelings experienced by that same infant, who, having reached the lusty age of ten years, is expected to converse with one of the aforementioned monsters, who remembers him when he was, "all rosy and so sweet kicking in his little crib." This time he probably stutters and blushes, or trips over the drawing-room carpet.

Grown men are often quite subdued when the "boss" is around; and just watch the expression on the face of the poor girl whose dinner partner is the new ambassador from Peru, or some such person!

Thousands of people show their nervousness by jerky hand movements, others by talking on and on, about anything which comes into their heads. Still more are stricken completely dumb on meeting a stranger, while a few, a very few, carry everything perfectly, and leave the impression of a very charming person, which they are. Well, more power to them! I hope they will make allowance for the great brotherhood of those afflicted with the curse of shyness.

—Fay Thomson, VI A.

MY BOAT

A seagull mocked at me
As he went screaming by,
And at my climbing prow
Waves flipped green skirts and curled
White toes in ecstasy.

So went my youthful tale
When I was young—
An eager ship with straining sail!

—Barbara Bateman, Matric.

HOW TO FISH FOR PLUS MARKS

"You know what that means," said a stern voice. Yes, I knew—minus ten for disobedience. I made my way along the corridor in a state of misery. No sooner had I turned the corner than I was pounced on by a number of class-mates, bubbling over with curiosity.

Does that make four or five order marks?" kindly inquired somebody.

"Six, I think," I answered with a groan.

"Well, you had better get out your rod, and dig up a few juicy worms, and get busy fishing," advised one of the crowd. Fishing for plus marks! What an idea!

"It's never been done here before," continued my friend.

"Well, I'll try anything once," I replied walking off in deep thought.

After a good deal of meditating I decided to be helpful and get plus two. My chance came in a few minutes, in the shape of a mistress with a large pile of books.

"May I carry your books for you?" I asked.

"Oh no, thanks frightfully but they're all piled up comfortably," and my first hope of salvation sailed on.

There was not much hope of another mistress with books coming my way. So I decided to try to get plus three for cheerfulness.

I wandered around for the rest of the day with a sickly grin on my face. But nobody appreciated it, only one person remarked on my not looking very happy about the order-marks I had received. At supper one of the girls mentioned posture. My back stiffened and I concentrated on the mistress on duty, trying to get her to look my way. But all in vain!

Throughout prep. I studied hard—with one eye on the mistress. But it was of no avail!

Bed-time, and tomorrow will be Saturday. As I meekly got into bed I racked my brains, but no inspiration came. After "lights out" a girl knocked on the wall.

"Come on in, I've got an idea for a plus," she whispered. With the utmost caution I crept in. But no sooner did I get inside the room than a mistress came bounding in behind me.

"Who was it that came into this room just then?" I crept out from under a bed. After all my efforts another minus five was the only reward!

—Roma Dodds, VI B.

GET THE INSIDE STORY!

Mr. Clement Teagle was a struggling young newspaper reporter. His motto was: "get the inside story," and get it he usually did—somehow. Many people have delusions as to the enviable life of a newspaper reporter, they cherish visions of royal receptions, murders, fires, and other thrilling episodes and envy the reporter who is always in the front row with his camera. Far be it from me to discourage budding reporters, but to illustrate the fact that a reporter's life is not an easy one, let us take one day in Mr. C. Teagle's life.

Teagle dashed breathlessly into the news office one Monday morning and threw his hat onto the hat stand. He was about to sit down for a moment and catch his breath, when the door of the inner office opened and Mr. McAllister entered. Mr. McAllister was the "boss". Teagle jumped up and said briskly:

"Good morning, sir."

"Oh, Teagle, I've a job for you; pretty tough work, but you're just the man," said Mr. McAllister.

A few minutes later Teagle was on the Lexington Avenue subway. He had his camera, his pad, and he wore an expression of grim determination. He got off at 52nd street and walked to Park Avenue and 60th Street. He mounted the steps of an imposing grey-stone building and calmly rang the bell. An impressive butler opened the door and asked: "What name, sir?"

Teagle hesitated as he realized that his name would convey nothing to the inhabitants of the house. The butler repeated his question politely, but firmly. He obviously expected an answer. Teagle decided to appeal to the human side of this seemingly emotionless figure.

"I say," he stammered, "Are you interested in the races? Because I—." He got no further, the dignitary coughed slightly and started to shut the door. Obviously bribery was futile. Teagle remained at the top of the steps for a moment, musing, but undaunted. No, a Teagle did not give up, "where there's a will, there's a way," and C. Augustus Teagle would find it.

He tried the servants' entrance, but in vain, the kitchen maid was pretty but not helpful. Time was getting short, and he must get to that reception. Wild thoughts ran through his brain and he sat on the front steps of a neighbouriig house muttering inanely: "I couldn't get down the chimney if there was one, and there isn't . . ."

Suddenly light dawned. He pulled his hat over his eyes, removed his tie, and, picking up a full grocery basket from a wagon, which had been left momentarily by a delivery boy, he marched past the maid into the kitchen. From there any quick witted reporter could get to the reception and scene of action. There was, alas, a catch . . . It was the wrong house!

Elizabeth Holden, VI A.

HATS

Hats for women are very intriguing articles, because there are so many varieties, and they do much to help or hinder a person's personal appearance. There are practical and impractical hats; and although practical hats should be those usually bought, it is felt to go on a spree when the mood moves one, and indulge in two or three smart, frivolous hats, of the kind that can be worn only two or three times.

There is the kind of hat that a weary saleswoman will shove on one's head, messing one's painstakingly arranged hair, and making the wearer look like a character from a murder story. There is the kind that has to be eased onto the head, and those that look as if a passing breeze has by chance dropped them on their owner's head, and that, tiring of their position, they are ready to fly off once more.

There are berets, alpine-styled hats, hats with veils, sport hats, tailored hats, wide or narrow-brimmed hats, brimless hats, and almost every kind of hat imaginable, all made in the latest and smartest colours.

There is nothing more cheering than knowing that one's hat is becoming, and has an original touch in its chic lines.

Joy Thompson, Arts.

LIMERICK

There was a young lady from Paris.
Her name? Oh, I think it was Harris.

She got drunk one night,
And oh! What a sight,
Was that gurgling young lady from Paris.

--Marjorie Paterson, Arts.

JAMES, THE BURGLAR

James was a burglar. He had his little black kit and his spotted kerchief, and though he had no gat (as we say professionally) he was well-versed in the ways of sticking out one's finger in one's pocket, as all good burglars are. But for all this, James had never burgled, yes, the truth must out, he had never even robbed a penny bank.

To-night, however, he was about to set forth on his career of crime. For James realized well that his standing as a professional was lowered, when at the fortnightly meetings of the A.P.B.P.C. (The Association of Professional Burglars for the Preservation of Crime) he could bring forth no silver candle-sticks as a sign of his prowess. So he opened the telephone book and, shutting his eyes tightly, stabbed the book with a hat pin. He was a little disappointed when he found he had picked a Smith—because after all, it does help one's prestige a little to burgle a Van Dwite. But burglars can't be choosers, he said to himself, philosophically as he got off the street-car. For James was quite a philosopher, and always said that if crime hadn't claimed him for her own, he might have written poetry.

It was a nice little house even if it did have more the air of dining off plated silver than heavily-encrusted family heirlooms. But as James tied on his spotted kerchief and turned up his coat collar, behind a convenient tree, he noticed that it looked nicely deserted, as if all the family had decided to take in a movie and wouldn't be home till late.

James found a window through which he could climb, and although he would have preferred perhaps to practise his lock-picking, it was quicker this way. This must be the dining-room, he decided, as there seemed to be a surplus of chairs to trip over, and holding his Eveready flashlight in one hand he made a quick survey of the room (as all good burglars do); then set to work.

He was just wondering whether the silver candlesticks would fit in his pocket or if perhaps the coffee pot would be more useful (after all when you keep a bachelor establishment you have to think of things like that), when the light was turned on. James jumped (as no good burglar does) and turned quickly towards the door. There, framed in the doorway was an extremely pretty girl with a glass of milk in one hand and a leg of chicken in the other.

"Hello," she said, "I don't think we've met before."

James thought swiftly. He was a very swift thinker.

"Hands up!" he barked (at least he meant it for a bark but it

sounded more like a squeek). Then suddenly he remembered, and putting his hand in his pocket, poked out his finger. "Hands up," he said again—but this time it sounded a little like an anticlimax.

The girl looked troubled.

"I would if I could," she said slowly, "but I might spill this milk. Here, I have a much better idea," she smiled cheerily, and she was even prettier when she smiled. "We'll both sit down and then we'll be more comfortable." And she perched on the edge of the table, swinging her legs.

This rather stumped James—no such case had ever come up in a meeting of the A.P.B.P.C.

"But I'm a burglar!"—no, that didn't sound so good, even to James. The girl stared at him.

"I don't believe it," she said flatly and took a bite of chicken.

This hurt James' vanity, and he replied rather crossly, "Well, I am." The girl regarded him even more closely and slowly shook her head.

"No, you don't look like one, you look too, too—mousey!" James lost his temper.

"I am not mousey, and I ought to know whether I'm a burglar or not!"

"Oh, all right," replied the girl easily. "You're a burglar, but you don't need to get cross about it. Have some chicken."

The chicken looked good, but after all a burglar has to have some self-respect, and he wasn't going to be bribed back to good humour with chicken.

"No thank you," he said huffily.

"Then I hope you don't mind if I do, I'm awfully hungry, and this chicken is good.

"Tell me, what made you be a burglar? Have you a sick old mother at home, with the landlord knocking at the door, or is it just that every little while you feel a craving to replenish the family cutlery with somebody else's solid silver?"

"When I was a boy," replied James a little stiffly, "I was always a lad to be off by myself. I didn't spend my time with a lot of rowdies playing marbles, but preparing myself for this, my career." He began to warm to his story. "I did not choose it in a rush but after deep and extensive thought. Where was a field in which my singular intelligence could conquer? Crime! That life where no man is a friend and every man a foe; where the man at the top is the master mind." He threw up

his hand in an oratorical gesture and a silver butterdish fell to the floor.

"It doesn't matter," said the girl quickly, "go on." Her eyes were shining and the chicken leg forgotten.

"That's all," said James, rather surprised.

"Oh, but you were going beautifully—this is much better than the movie I saw tonight. Haven't you even one friend, really?"

"No," James bowed his head tragically, "I walk alone."

"But that's terrible," the girl was plainly shocked, "what you need is the influence of some nice girl in your life. You should be married."

"I can never marry," replied James firmly, "I could not burden any girl with a husband who was a fugitive of the law, hunted like a beast, who walks forever—"

"Well, I think that's a shame, a nice man like you, that wouldn't hurt a flea, being hunted like a beast. And I don't think it's right! You shouldn't be a burglar, and in such a dangerous business. I'm going to speak to father this very night when he comes in, and see if he can't get you a job at the office. I'm sure that with your singular intelligence he can find you something to do.

"Now you run along home and get a good night's sleep. You probably haven't had one for years. Here, you can go out by the front door, it isn't locked—and come back in the morning. You can probably set to work right away.

"Just put the candlestick on the sideboard as you go. It will be all right there, although it really belongs in front of aunt Wilhelmina. It was a pity you didn't notice her, that frame is about the only thing in the house that's worth taking. Good-night, and see you in the morning."

James felt very pleased with himself, going home on the street car, especially when he thought of the way her eyes crinkled when she smiled. But suddenly he stopped being pleased with himself, for he had forgotten something. Could it have been the letter his mother had given him to post? Or that the canary had run out of bird seed? No. And then he remembered. He didn't even have one single, solitary salt cellar to point to with pride at the next meeting of the A.P.B.P.C.

—Barbara Bateman, Matric.

Dead! Ah no, not dead! That can't be—and suddenly the bottom of the world has fallen out, at least the bottom of my world, and that vague, awful feeling (such as you get when something you are leaning on gives way) surges over me, overwhelming me.

Surely there can be no more stability in this world of ours. How much we all took for granted.

Immediately—but you know the feeling—you are caught up in a whirl of incomprehensible thoughts, things which you suddenly have a frantic desire to understand. They come crowding into your mind, puzzling, bewildering, torturing—infinately beyond your reach.

"I must understand!" you cry, but you can't even understand yourself. Then gradually this bewildering world, of dying kings, traditions, memories (very faint), unfathomable depths, and changing things, becomes too much for you. Then you feel your paltry mind struggling vainly against all these vague, overpowering things. You feel yourself losing ground, each minute, and finally, desperate, you pray, "Lord, let me understand."—And the next stage, I think—is insanity.

—Peggy Richardson, Matric.

NATURE'S BEAUTY

Soft is the tune the lyre can sing,
Sweet is the music it can bring.
But sweeter far is the song of leaves
When the wind is singing under the eaves.

Beautitul is a statue's grace
Posing there with up-turned face.
But lovelier far is the golden grain
Waving on either side of the lane.

Marvellous are the things He makes,
The chattering brooks and quiet lakes.
We fashion things for our own taste,
But Nature's beautiful works we waste.

—Molly Greene, VI A.

As he himself admits, he is an artist of sorts. Of course you sensed that in the beginning. You also knew immediately (perhaps with a sudden feeling of joy) that he would never be anything more than an artist of sorts—that he was one of those happy failures who make this world such an interesting place.

You feel that he does not quite understand himself, that he is ever groping in the dark for something just beyond his reach. You know (with pity) what an unworthy and clumsy interpreter of spirit his painting ability is, and now it must starve and irritate his wonderful and creative mind. You know he will never accomplish the things he has dreamed of doing, that his clumsy efforts will never satisfy his inspired mind. He will always be one of those failures whose lifelong wish is a pitying glance from the Muse, and who, not receiving it, will continue to create poor botched paintings, wholly lacking that which he feels in his soul.

You hear that he is constantly "messaging around" with some large effort, "Interpretation of Hope"—or something, (you don't quite remember) which he started five years ago. (You smile, picturing his fruitless ambition.)

You also hear that he has no small ability (perhaps a spark of genius in spots) for painting whimsical little animal pictures, which you feel sure would sell well.

But if you mentioned this he would smile, shake his head and continue to starve—having an "Interpretation of Hope" to complete. You know all these things—and you are glad.

—Peggy Richardson, Matric.

A TRIOLET

Measles have returned this year,
Who will be the next to fall?
At our chests we look for fear
Measles have returned this year.
As Judy went we shed a tear
To find she was not sick at all.
Measles have returned this year
Who will be the next to fall?

—Rena Luton, VI B.

AN ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

I am reclining at the back of the lecture room. From my position I can really appreciate in silent (or very nearly silent) glee, the many eccentricities of our dear old Prof. Pinkerton. He has just entered with his habitual quick, jerky steps and is now gazing with a rather vacant, startled expression, at the class. He apologizes profusely for his tardiness, (he is ten minutes late) and now proceeds with the lecture. He is rather a quiet, nervous man, and very shortsighted, also having a manner which will always be food and drink for mimics. There he stands, a quaint sight, mortar-board cocked over one eye, and his hands busy juggling a minute piece of chalk.

He stops suddenly, with an inquiring, concentrated expression. What's wrong? How silly, his spectacles of course. "I wonder where-I-er could have-er possibly left them. How silly, how very silly—er-um, can't possibly, um-er, continue lecture without them. Impossible, absolutely. Must have my glasses—my glasses. How silly—how dreadfully silly—how ab-sol—" Back again, triumphant, with his spectacles at an insecure position on the end of his nose.

"—Now er—wher-er did we leave off? Um-m. Oh yes! —I will -er show you all the-er- diagram—to expl-er-ah-chalk? No chalk? Must have some chalk. Couldn't-er possibly do without chalk. On my desk? Let's-er-see. In the top drawer? No. How funny—no chalk. Bottom drawer? This is queer. I must have chalk. On the floor? What a dreadful place this is er-er—"

"In my er-ah-hand? Did you say? Nonsense. It couldn't poss—Why! So it—so sorry—how silly, how very sill—" and so on far into the night.

—Peggy Richardson, Matric.

A TRIOLET

What, I passed in Greek?
 May Allah be praised!
 It's an absolute freak,
 Yet I passed in Greek.
 Oh, long was I meek;
 From the depths I'm now raised,
 For I passed in Greek.
 May Allah be praised!

—Fay Thomson, VI-A.

THE MEASLES

There was a rush down the hall from the dining-room. One girl seemed to be the centre of it; she was being dragged along by her companions. On reaching the stairs someone in the crowd cried out, "measles"! That single word had a magical effect on the people in the hall. Groans, shrieks and a great deal of talking followed. The unfortunate victim was hauled off up stairs, and the verdict pronounced by authority was, "It looks like measles."

For several hours afterwards, the question was discussed from its various angles, the chances of going to church, the length of the quarantine, the possibility of catching the disease, and the ever pressing question, "Has she got 'em?"

That night the smell of disinfectant in the halls, the large white sheet in front of the victim's door, and the shouts of the prisoner through the door to her many friends, all eager to collect information, all had a very foreboding sound.

The thoughts and conversations of a body of people were all changed by that one word, "measles!"

—B. E. Struthers, V-A.

THE END OF THE WORLD

On February fourteenth we shivered and shook,
For the end of the world in vain we did look.
'Twas at midnight that night that the world was to end,
And we all stayed awake, ourselves to defend.

But, we gallent V-A had climbed out of bed,
To have our last feast ere doomsday, we said.
We came to the cupboard, the door stood ajar,
We slipped in so softly and crawled right in far.

But alas! False hope, Miss Jones caught us there,
She opened the door, and did she make us tear!
At seven-fifteen we awoke with the bell
And here we are still, with our story to tell!

—B. E. Struthers, V A.

ONE MAN'S LUCK

Dave was known as the Man with Nine Lives.

He had been a flying ace in the war and had brought down more enemy planes than any other man in his outfit. He had run many death-defying risks, always escaping without a scratch. Also he had won for himself an enviable reputation as a daredevil and was never known to have refused any risky enterprise.

Four years after the close of the war Dave had his own aerodrome, still being tremendously interested in aeroplanes and everything to do with them. He was eagerly awaiting the time when the aeroplane would be used as a modern travelling convenience.

Then he met Sheila. Two months after their first meeting they were married. When Dave, junior, was born Sheila asked Dave to give up flying. After a short hesitation Dave's love for his wife and adored baby son overcame his love of flying and he consented to do as Sheila asked, although he still kept up the aerodrome.

For ten years Dave never even entered an aeroplane. Then his love of the air returned and, although he tried to suppress it, it finally overcame him and he went to Sheila.

He pointed out to her the vast difference between the plane of 1923 and the plane of 1936 and how much safer modern planes were. He pleaded so skillfully that at last Sheila gave in. Then she announced that she and Dave, junior, would accompany him on his trial flight from Montreal to Los Angeles. Dave accepted their companionship delightedly as he was very fond of his wife and adored his son.

Two weeks later they left Montreal. When their report to Chicago was several hours overdue, the authorities became worried and sent out search parties.

The result of Sheila's fatal choice was the loss of three precious lives in the lonely hills of Mount Ozark.

—A. Whitehead, VI-A.

WRITING LETTERS

Writing letters is a bore,
It is our Sunday morning chore.
We do it till our arms are sore;
And on Wednesday we write some more.

—Frances Moffatt, V-B.

—Janet Morrissey, IV-A.

"WHAT A TRAGEDY IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

"Hello, Madge! . . . my dear, I've been trying to get you all morning, and every time I've called the line has been busy. What have you been doing? . . . oh, your ordering? Why, my dear, I had mine done hours ago. . . . What was that? . . . Oh, I thought you said something, but Junior is making such a noise, I just can't hear a thing . . . would you mind holding the line a minute, Madge, the poor boy has got himself all tangled up in George's braces? He looks a perfect scream . . . still there? Well, my dear, I've got something perfectly too horrible to tell you . . . now, you know you can do that later, the minute you hear what I've got to tell you, you just won't be able to fix Mary's dress . . . well, all right, if you would only give me a minute, I'll tell you. You'll absolutely die when you hear. You remember when Alice had that thing with the long name the matter with her, and remember the absolutely adorable doctor she had? Doctor Arville, you know, the one with the curly brown hair and gorgeous eyes. And even if he is terribly clever, he's not a bit queer—at least I didn't think so until now. As I was telling George just this morning . . . Junior! . . . I'm so sorry, Madge, but Junior just pulled my desk drawer out and dumped everything on the floor! Really, that child is simply incorrigible—he just wears me to death trying to keep up with him . . . What was I saying, now? . . . Oh, yes, about that poor Doctor Arville, such a nice young man, and so promising, Doctor Bennet, you know, he's the head surgeon over at the Western, told me. But, anyway, you knew that he had his hand amputated . . . you didn't? Madge, my darling where have you been keeping yourself? Why it was all over town and absolutely everyone knew . . . How did it happen? Why, you see, he was operating, on Mrs. Allister's gall stones, she was sick for years and nobody knew what was the matter with her, they didn't even think of gall stones until Doctor Arville came along, and my dear, he knew right away. He's just a born surgeon, Doctor Bennet says, or maybe I should say was a born surgeon, because he'll never operate again, poor man, and his heart was in his work . . . now, what was I saying? . . . oh, of course, about the operation. Well, his knife slipped and pricked his finger, just pricked it, mind you, and of course he didn't notice it till afterwards. When he did he simply doused it with antiseptics and everything, but it was too late; and before you could say Jack Robinson, figuratively speaking, of course, he was down with blood-poisoning . . . Madge, you must have heard about it . . . Why, don't you remember the day we were downtown lunching at Shaw's—the day we found that simply marvellous sale

in silk stockings, and the woman came in with that man who looks like a Russian prince or a gigolo, or something, and you asked me who it could ever be? I said it was Mrs. Arville and that it was a really a pity that there were women in this world who could carry on like that when their husband was almost dying of blood-poisoning. Why, I know if George . . . What happened? . . . why, my dear, I'm telling you, he had to have his hand amputated! At first they thought it would have to be his whole arm, but they found they could save it except for his hand. Doctor Bennet said it didn't really matter, though, because which ever way they did it, he wouldn't be able to operate again, . . . yes, it does seem rather a pity when he has studied to be a doctor all his life, he is too old to start on a new profession . . . No, I don't think there is any other business he can go in . . . you see, surgery is the only thing he ever cared about—at least that's what he told Alice. . . . I know, but there is always her money . . . Junior! Heavens, I'm a nervous wreck! My dear, he was hanging out the window with nothing holding him but one hand. If that child doesn't kill himself soon, he'll kill me with worry . . . They could easily live with her family and he could sort of retire. though I can't imagine that man doing nothing, he's always worked so hard . . . oh, of course, there's that, she probably will. I never did like that Mrs. Arville anyway, I can remember her when she was quite dark, yes, my dear, practically a brunette and just look at her now! Anyone who would prefer that gigolo to a husband like Doctor Arville, and they say he's just mad about her—her husband, I mean—well, all I can say is that she's welcome to him—that gigolo, I mean . . . Just a minute, Madge, there's someone at the door and Katy's downstairs doing the washing . . . that cheeky insurance man again! Honestly, my dear, he simply lives here, and he knows I don't want any life insurance. After all, we all have to die some time whether our life's insured or not . . . oh, I know I have it all mixed up, but it's all so complicated, but whatever it is George told me always to say "no", to those people. You know what happened when . . . I was talking about Doctor Arville? Oh yes, well, my dear, I just can't understand it, after all, it was only his hand, and he was so young and such an asset to any party and all his patients simply adored him . . . what happened? Why, Madge, didn't I tell you? He tried to commit suicide this morning, only they got there just in time and saved him . . . Wasn't that lucky? Just think what a tragedy it might have been if he had died. Why, I was saying to George only this morning . . .

—Barbara Bateman, Matric.

JE FAIS UNE PROMENADE AVEC MON CHIEN

J'ai un bon chien, un épagneul noir, qui aime beaucoup courir dans les champs. Étant bonne pour les animaux, je fais souvent de longues promenades avec lui, mais ce n'est pas toujours un grand plaisir.

D'abord je crie, je vocifère et je siffle. Après quelque temps le chien arrive, très excité et gai. Nous partons ensemble.

Bientôt mon bon chien voit des oiseaux et heureusement l'animal infidèle me laisse seule. Il gambade à travers les champs et disparaît au loin. Encore une fois je l'appelle pendant plusieurs minutes.

Quand il retourne il a une ordeur extraordinaire — le méchant chien s'est roulé dans quelque chose de dégoutant. Maintenant je veux qu'il reste éloigné, mais au contraire, il marche bien près de moi.

Tout à coup je vois un autre chien, grand et fort. Je veux me reculer vite mais je ne suis pas assez vive. Quelques grondements, puis le combat commence. Je suis sans secours.

La bataille se termine en fuite. Mon chien peut courir plus vite c'est une chance. Je mène chez nous mon pauvre chéri, blessé et parfumé. Cependant après quelques jours il s'est remis et il est prêt à une autre promenade. Mais moi, je suis encore épuisée.

—Fay Thomson, VI-A.

JE ME LEVE

J'entends très tôt quelque chose qui sonne ;
C'est la cloche que porte la bonne.
Elle marche vite par le couloir,
Habillée en blanc et noir.

Je dis adieu à mon beau rêve,
Et bien lentement du lit je me lève.
A mes amies je dis, "Bonjour,
Allons, descendons dans la cour !"

Je me lave et je m'habille,
La cloche sonne, il est sept heures et demie.
Je cours vite à l'escalier,
Maintenant c'est l'heure du déjeuner.

—E. Russell and R. Dodds, VI-B.

DE GIRLS FROM KING'S HALL

De English girls down at de school
Dey's crazy in de head,
Dey run and yell just like de fool,
Until, ba gosh, I wish I'm dead!

Dey ride dem bikes right up de road
As if dere was a fire!
And when I tak' ma horse and load
I t'ink "Dey'll hit me wit' dat tire!"

But non, mon dieu, dey miss again,
And mon coeur she pit-a-pat,
For sure 'tis hard for canadien
To live for long wit' shock like dat!

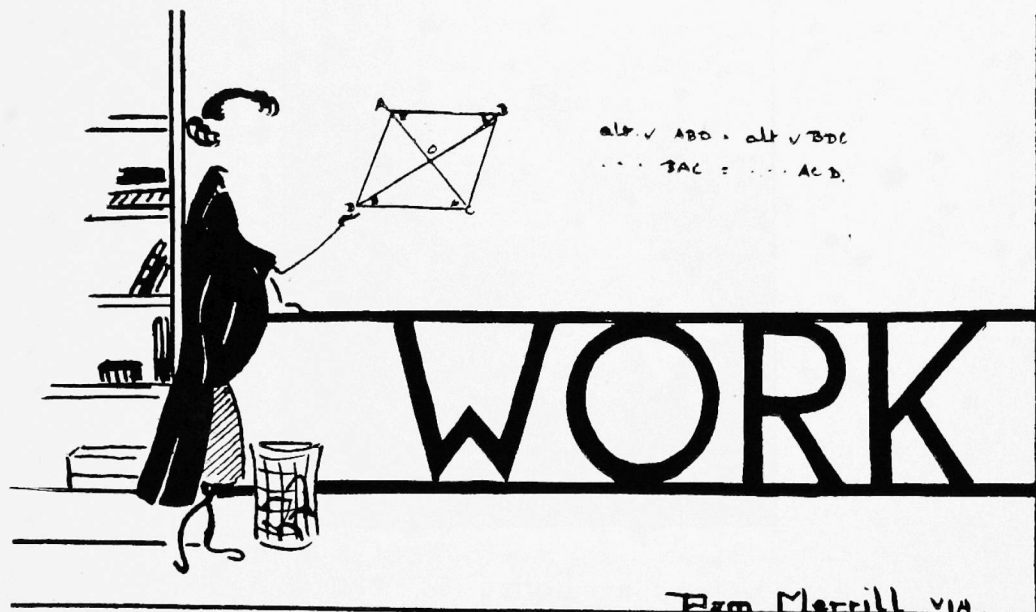
And when dey pass "bon jour" dey yell!
Den off again lak mad,
But in ma heart I t'ink "oh, well,
I guess dey're really not so bad!"

—Rea Pease, Matric.

A SONNET TO MY MISTRESS' EYEBROW

The eyebrow through the ages has been used,
Lowered in frown o'er glowering eye of wrath,
Or, near a lover's fiery orb, hath fused
Some maiden's heart, which like a frightened moth
Did flutter in her breast, and bring a blush
Upon her sweet angelic-looking face.
Oftimes, the eyebrow, rising in the hush,
Did add to golden silence some odd grace.
But here such incidents are very rare.
Seldom is seen a bushy growth in frown,
Though oft the eyebrow levels in a glare,
Which ends abandon, cools high spirits down;
For on Miss Keyzer's or Miss Sampson's face
Mere quirk will put wild pupils in their place.

—Fay Thomson, VI-A.



TO THE ARTIST

I confess to a smirk
 On discov'ring that work
 Is so closely connected with maths;
 'Tis a pleasure indeed,
 Such keen critics to lead
 Along dark geometrical paths.

And I think you will find,
 If you bear it in mind,
 That my thoughts dwell on matters like these;
 For as everyone knows,
 I turn out my toes,
 At an angle of sixty degrees.

E.I.J.



Boris



A Winter Scene

A NONSENSE RHYME

There was an old woman,
She had a crooked nose,
Her dresses were almost
Down to her toes.
She always wore glasses,
(Just so she could see!)
But that is a secret
Between you and me!
Now these glasses were large,
And very primly sat
On her crooked nose
(You do remember that?)
After a while,
She got very old
But still she would sit
In the gloom and the cold,
With her glasses still perched
On the end of her nose.
How did they stay there?
Why nobody knows,
And never will
I don't suppose.
Alas, this old lady,
Got so small and thin,
Her glasses fell off,
Ah me, what a sin!
She wept and she wept
And was terribly sad.
She died while she slept,—
Are you sorry or glad?

—Joan Hodgson, Arts.

POOR MUSIC TEACHER

You've got to practise scales much more,
Oh my, how bad they are!
Why can't you make your fingers work?
Try to get them up to par.

Now, let us have arpeggios;
I hope that they are better.
D minor, first inversion, please,
Not B, D was the letter.

Good gracious, these are even worse
Than all of them together;
I really have begun to think
Your hands are made of leather.

Come, come, now don't get angry,
Try to do your best;
And if you'll practise day and night
I think you'll pass your test.

—M. Paterson, Arts.

K. H. C.

K. H. C. is a very nice school,
If you think and obey the rules,
K. H. C. has advantages,
Such as taking languages.
You can take dancing free,
Without even paying a fee,
Singing is such a bore,
'Cause you have to sit on a floor.
When I have to sing alone,
I always feel I have to moan;
I get a lump in my throat,
And then I can't sing a note.

—Frances Acheson, IV-A

TO A LITTLE DOG

Happy little fellow, running all the day,
Ever so business-like in your own small way,
When your day is over back to rest you come
To dream of fattened rabbits basking in the sun.

You know where the chickens are, and how the cats will run,
And to chase a big tab-puss is to you great fun.
So my little friend live your life this way,
And go to some dog heaven where it is ever day.

—B. E. Struthers, V A.

There was an exceedingly fine ship;
A tall ship, a broad ship, a pine ship,
But the crew all got drunk
And thus the ship sunk.
So now its a deep-in-the-brine ship.

—Madge Renouf, Arts.

A BEAR

There once was a bear,
Whose name was Claire.
She had a lot of money,
So she bought some honey,
And got it all stuck in her hair.

—Janet Morrissey, IV-A.



BUNNY

Long ears,
Fuzzy tail;
He's a creature strong and hale.

Twitching nose,
Soft feet;
All things green he likes to eat.

Short legs,
Long hair;
Very easy to fright and scare.

—Pam Merrill, VI-A.



THE END

THE TEN-FORTY-FIVE**CHARACTERS:**

Thacker—the stationmaster; a middle-aged man.

Simms—a farmer.

Jenny Thacker—the stationmaster's wife.

SCENE: A country station, with the usual shabby furniture. Thacker, the stationmaster, who has been sitting in his desk-chair rises, yawns and stretches his arms, talking to himself.

Thacker: So this is the day at last! Well, I never thought that it would come. Just to know that Dick is out of the academy and on his way home seems too good to be true. That boy has had good trainin' even if Jenny and I have had to pinch and scrimp each little penny to give it to him. I'm goin' down to see old man Clarke about Dick getting that job tomorrow—it's never too soon says I.

Enter Ted Simms: A tall thin individual in overalls, and smoking a corn-cob pipe. He comes up the steps to the office at a slow gait.

Simms: 'Mornin' Tom—I hear Dick's on the way home today. I'll bet yo're mighty glad he's comin', eh?

Thacker: I should say so, Ted. Jenny and I are both mighty glad he's comin' home. Reckon he'll get in by ten-forty-five if the train's on time—why, what's the great hurry?

Simms: Sorry Tom, but I can't stay no longer—don't forget I've got them apple trees to spray. Well, I'll see you later. [exit]

Thacker knocks the ashes out of his pipe, then walks to the outer door and onto the platform for a few seconds. Re-enters bearing a blackboard which he props up against his desk. For a minute he busies himself in chalking up the train times for that day. The clock strikes ten and Thacker's wife, Jenny, enters carrying a small lunch-pail.

Jenny: Here's your coffee, Tom.

Thacker (Rising to kiss her): Thank you, Jenny. I always know when to expect my coffee—promptly at ten, isn't it?

Jenny (trying to conceal her excitement at the thought of their son's homecoming): Tom, I do wish that you'd rest just for a while this morning—let young Bob Jones come over and take your place—you need the sleep after being up most of the night—

Thacker (interrupting her): Now Jenny, you know I want to be on the job when Dick comes through—it - it gives me a sense of security.

Jenny: Well, have your own way about it. I guess I've spoiled both you and Dick by letting you have your own way so much. [exit]

Thacker has just reseated himself when the phone rings.

Thacker: Hello—oh, yes—Martin—what? you say the 10.45 has gone through on the wrong track? Why that's impossible! Oh, Stikes was dead when it went through? You say he died before he switched her over? Heart failure I suppose.—Well, we'll have to stop her before she crashes with the 10.30 from Dallas—O.K. (rings off quickly).

For a minute Thacker stands frozen and then in a frenzy starts putting through calls and dispatches, trying to avert the crash. Finally he sinks down in his chair and wipes his brow. The phone rings again.

Thacker: Yes—too late? They've crashed? (lets the receiver fall, and buries his face in his hands)—My boy . . . my boy [curtain]

Phoebe Anne Freeman, VI-A.

PREP

Prep is where I sit and stare,
For working hard I do not care.
I'd rather play at games and run,
Or lie and get tanned in the sun.
And what are seven eights again?
Oh! Fifty-eight,—am I insane?
Perhaps it's sixty-three or four
Or make seventy-two or more.
How stuffy is the prep class-room!
Books and ink add to the gloom.
Outside it looks so fresh and cool,
How I'd love to be in a swimming-pool!

But gosh! I've got to some work;
The mistresses say I always shirk.
Four threes are twelve,—do I feel bright!
My answer at last looks quite all right.

Look at that fluffy little cloud!
And that big tree looks fierce and proud.
There goes the bell, what a relief!
Spare time for a while, though it's rather brief.

—R. Harris, V-A.

OPTICAL ILLUSION

I thought I saw an old-time sight—
A lady with a bustle!

I looked again and saw it was
Our baby, Elspeth Russel.

I thought I saw a dreadful sight
(I thought I'd almost die!)

I looked again and saw it was
Our one Josette La Caille.

I thought I saw a timid girl
(She's mostly skin and bones.)

I looked again and saw it was
Our only Casey Jones.

I thought I heard a curdling screech,
A lady calling, "Save us!"

I looked around and saw it was,
Lo, little Mickey Davis.

I thought I saw a fair-haired girl,
(Oh, my, you should have seen 'er!)

If you had looked you would have found
Our little mistress Kuehner.

I thought I saw a witty child,
(She was a perfect howler!)

I looked once more, and saw it was
Our little Mary Fowler.

I thought I saw a tallish girl
('bove some of us she towered.)

I looked again to find it was
Our dancer, Wilma Howard.

I thought I saw a streamline car,
Whose horn was always tootin',

I looked again and saw it was
Our classmate, Rena Luton.

A gladiator bold, I saw,
And in her hand a sword.

I looked again and saw, it was
Our long-haired Mary Ward.

A stringy girl went running by—
 Running to great peril;
 And when I looked I saw, it was
 Our cyclist, Judy Merrill.

Now Audrey Ritchie we have here,
 Her name it will not rhyme;
 So I must run and put this in,
 Or none will be on time.

I thought I saw a tall green vine,
 With peas inside their pods,
 I looked again and saw it was—
 Why, only Roma Dodds!

I thought I saw a studious tribe
 Thirteen, or so, were they—
 Six B, I saw, when I looked back;
 They study night and day. —M. C. Rea, VI-B.

PEN NAMES — FORM VI-A

- G. Porteous—Mutiny on the Bounty.
- B. Cate—The Scoundrel.
- P. A. Freeman—She married her Boss.
- P. Merrill—Her master's voice.
- B. Holden—Under Two Flags.
- M. Dickison—Trail of the Lonesome Pine.
- L. Pepler—As you Desire Me.
- B. Olive—The Voice of Bugle Anne.
- A. Berry—Gift of Gab.
- C. Cann—Strike me Pink.
- B. Reid—Sweet Music.
- E. Taylor—Bulldog Drummond.
- J. Cowan—Go into your dance.
- A. Wigle—Stand up and cheer.
- M. Greene—Call of the Wild.
- W. Whitehead—I'm no angel.
- F. Smith—Petticoat Fever.
- F. Acheson—Anything goes.
- M. Holland—Fog of Frisco.
- F. Thomson—Charge of the Light Brigade
- H. Cole—Blonde Venus.
- K. Payan—Sunny Side Up.

—K. Campbell, J. Robb, VI-A.

WHAT RAIN SOMETIMES BRINGS TO ME

Pitter, patter, goes the rain,
Up upon the window pane;
When I look at it I see,
That I cannot go out to tea;
Because, you know, I hate the rain,
As it puts me to bed again.
For I catch colds so easily,
And then I sneeze so breezily,
And I do not like it at all,
Especially in the cool, cool fall.

—Jane Holt, V-B.

PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE A LA MODE

The Pawnbroker: "Let's pawnder about our future."

Hitler: "Let's not be so natzi to each other from now on."

The Dentist: "Let's get to the root of the matter. I haven't got the nerve."

The Piano-tuner: "We're all keyed up to C D flats."

The Chemist: "Let's form a compound."

The Banker: "I'm banking on you to be my principle interest."

The Jew: "I can't give you anything but love."

The Tennis Player: "Let's make the score Love All."

The Engineer: "We'll bridge the difficulty."

The Lawyer: "I'm here to court you, let's make it a brief case."

—Janet Porteous, Matric.

THE BEE IN HER BONNET

A lady in waiting,
As she was taking
A walk, she spied
A bee slide
Into her bonnet,
And she sang a sonnet.
"A bee in my bonnet,
Oh, hark to my sonnet!
It will pretty be
It's all about a bee."

Then she sprang on a chair
And tore at her hair,
Because she couldn't remember her sonnet
That was about a bee in her bonnet.

—Frances Acheson, IV-A

AN ADVENTURE OF BORIS AND SPOTTY

Two little dogs called Boris and Spot
Went one day where the chickens are.
No girls were around, 'cause they'd all gone home,
And up to the farm it wasn't far.
So they ran and played up the dusty road,
And how nice it was on this fine day
For catching chickens when all was safe,
And no girls were around to send them away.
And when they got to the chicken farm,
Boris sniffed, and said, "Smells good,"
So they went and killed the poor little chicks,
And had a better dinner than bad dogs should!
But when Farmer caught the bad little scamps,
He went to the school and said, "You must pay!"
Poor Boris and Spot were spanked so hard
That they wished they'd remained at home that day.

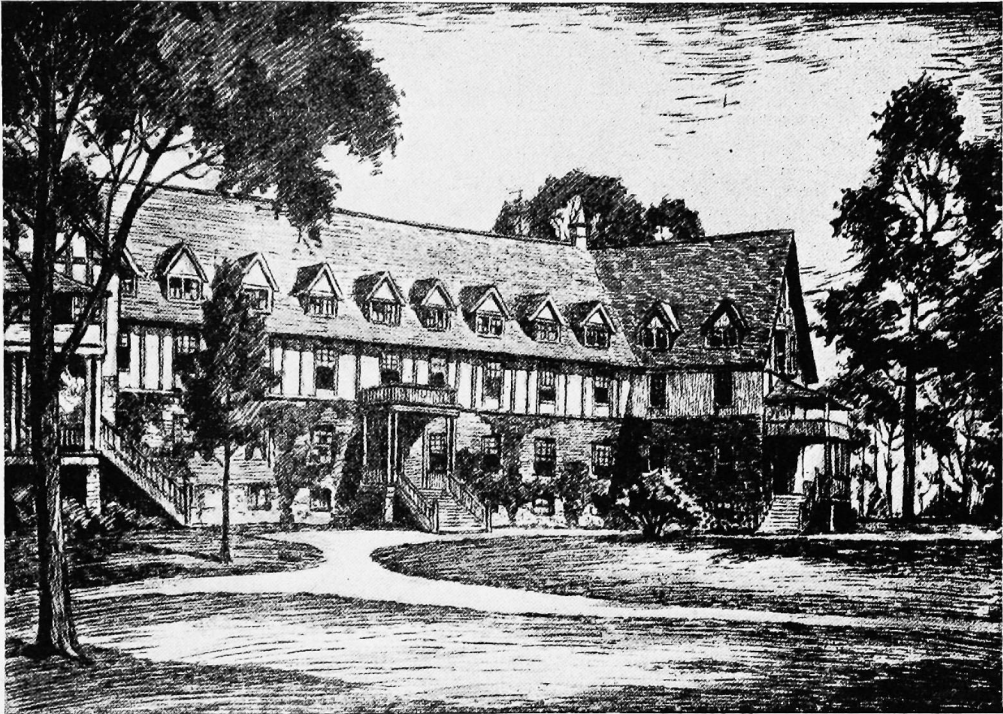
—R. Harris, V-A.

AN APOLOGY

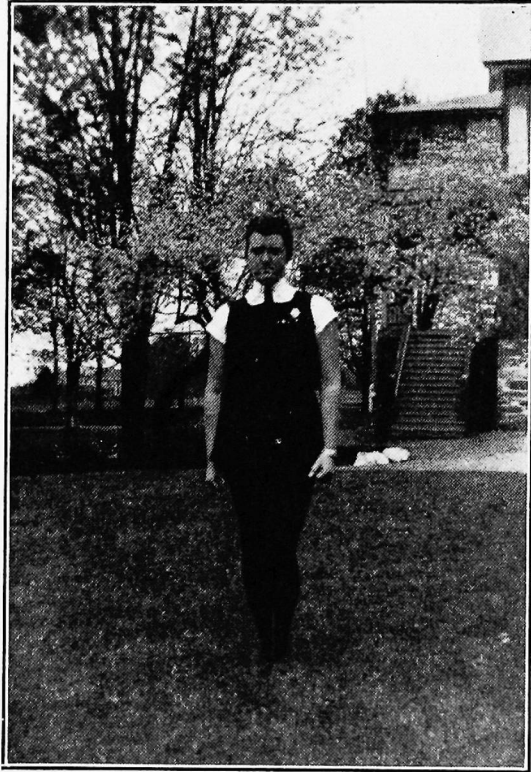
Dear Fay:

I am not inspired: the exams are too near;
I am not poetic, and I have prep to do;
I have a play practice afterwards, and I hate to disappoint you,
But I'm afraid I can't do anything for the mag.

—H. Cole, VI-A.



The School



Claire Cann, Sports Captain

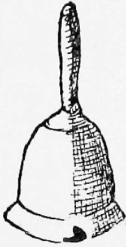
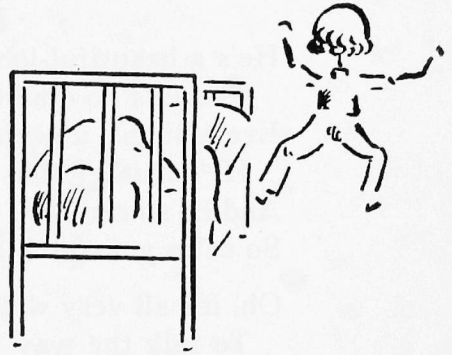


The Team

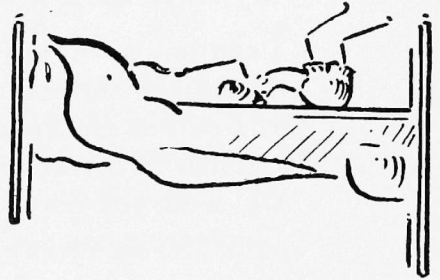
Back row (l to r): B. Richmond, R. Dodds, A. Berry.
Front row (l to r): G. Porteous, A. Wigle, A. Creighton.

THE DAY BEGINS

The bell at seven echoes loud,
Intrudes upon one's sleep!
One snorts and sighs
Without avail
And out of bed one has to leap.

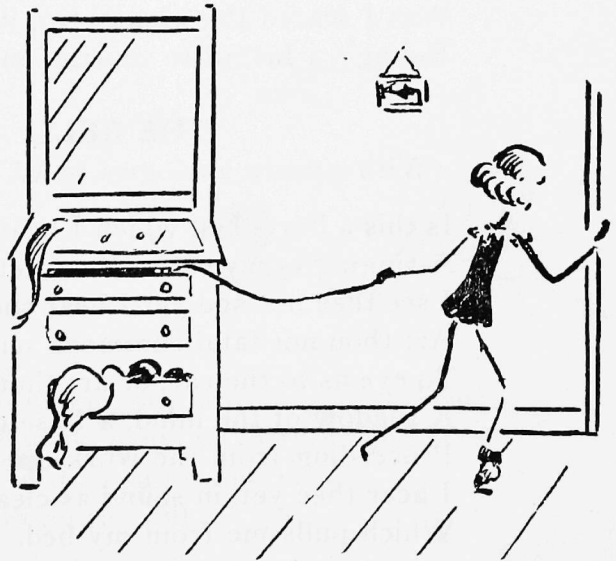


One rushes round with noisy haste;
One finds one's lost one's tie!
One hears the breakfast
Bell ring out,
And barely clad one has to fly!



—Fay Thomson, VI-A.

Pam Merrill, VI-A
Illustrations by



RIDING

He's a beautiful-looking creature,
 There is no doubt of that;
 Every limb's a perfect feature,
 He's neither thin nor fat;
 And he's harmless, they say, in every way,
 So calm yourself! It's a lovely day.

Oh, it's all very well for you, my dear,
 To talk the way you do!
 For of your horse you have no fear,
 It's clear that he likes you.
 But I can see as plain as can be
 My horse has a wild dislike for me!

I can tell by the way he is shaking his head
 And I'm sure he will run away—
 If I pull on the rein I'll go over his head,
 Then he'll trample on poor little Rea!
 Oh, well, you may scoff, but I'm going to fall off,
 So please come and save me and don't you dare laugh!

(At last, thank Heaven, I see the school)
 Do I want to go in? Not at all!
 I love to ride! I am not a fool!
 I have changed my mind, that's all.
 Was I scared this time? No, it was fine!
 Riding's a favourite sport of mine!

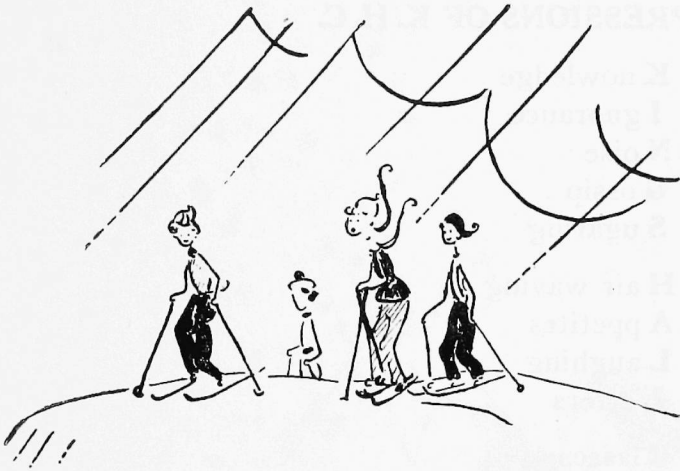
—Rea Pease, Matric.

THE BELL

(With sincere apologies to W. Shakespeare.)

Is this a brass bell which I hear before me,
 A-ringing in my ear? Come, let me stuff thee!
 I see thee not and yet I hear thee still.
 Art thou not fatal summons sensible
 To eye as to the ear, or art thou but
 A shadow of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the work-oppressed brain?
 I hear thee yet, in sound as clear as that
 Which pulls me from my bed.

—A. Esler and B. Struthers, V-A.

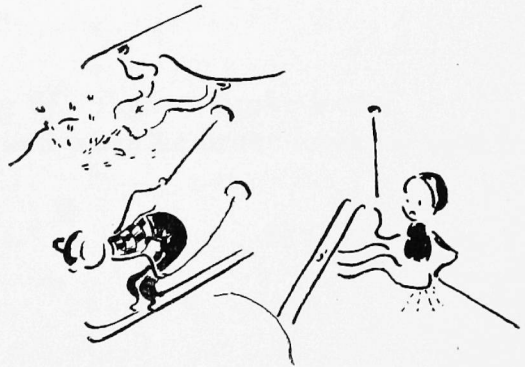


THE SKI HILL

They slid down the hill with the greatest of ease,
Those daring young girls with the ski poles and skis.
Their actions weren't graceful, they shook at the knees,
But their slacks were the last thing in style.



The slope that they skied on was slippery,
Still they tried all they knew up to stand;
Their spirits were high when they blithely set off,
But deep in the snow they did land.



Oh, once they were happy, but now they're forlorn,
With their lovely new ski pants all tattered and torn,
Left in this wide world to suffer and mourn,
Betrayed by a bump on the hill.

—F. Thomson, VI-A
Illustrations by
P. Merrill, VI-A

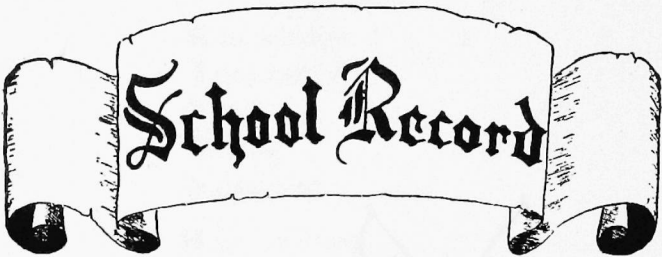
IMPRESSIONS OF K. H. C.**K**nowledge**I**gnorance**N**oise**G**ossip**S**ugaring**H**air waving**A**ppetites**L**aughing**L**etters**C**lasses**O**peras**M**inus marks**P**lus marks**T**uck**O**rders marks**N**ew cook

—K. Payan, VI-A.



Question: Explain the meaning of, "Bedlam broke loose."

Answer: Bedlam was a horse, and when he broke loose he used to go into the taverns.



Prefects

Matriculation :

Barbara Bateman	Grace Flintoft	Peggy Richardson
Ann Creighton	Janet Porteous	Helen Wood
	Betty Woodyatt	

Sports Captain

Claire Cann

Form Captains

Grace Flintoft	-	-	-	Matriculation		
Claire Cann	-	-	-	-	-	VI:A
Roma Dodds	-	-	-	-	-	VI:B
Dorianne Finnie	-	-	-	-	-	Arts
Ruth Harris	-	-	-	-	-	V:A
Elizabeth Newcombe	-	-	-	-	-	V:B
Janet Morrisey	-	-	-	-	-	IV:A

Houses

Macdonald

Montcalm

Rideau

Ann Creighton (capt.) Betty Woodyatt (capt.) Grace Flintoft (capt.)

Matriculation

Barbara Bateman
Janet Porteous
Peggy Richardson
Helen Wood

Rea Pease

Florence Flynn
Barbara Haskell
June White

VI:A

Audrey Berry
Catherine Campbell
Hazel Cole
Molly Greene
Kathleen Payan
Fay Thomson
Ann Whitehead

Claire Cann
Betty Cate
Pamela Merrill
Gwyneth Porteous
Betty Reid
Josephine Robb
Frances Smith

Florence Acheson
Jane Cowan
Marjorie Dickison
Phoebe Anne Freeman
Betty Holden
Miriam Holland
Betty Olive
Lyn Pepler
Eleanor Taylor
Ann Wigle

VI:B

Margaret Davis
Mary Fowler
Julia Merrill
Elspeth Russell
Mary Ward

Wilma Howard
Patricia Kuehner
Josette La Caille
Rena Luton
Mary Claire Rea

Roma Dodds
Jean Jones
Audrey Ritchie

Arts

Diana Baldwin
Nancy Kerrigan
Betty Richmond
Sally Pepler
Madeleine St. Laurent

Janet Harrington
Jean Hodgson
Marjorie Paterson
Madge Renouf

Lilias Ahearn
Dorianne Finnie
Joy Thompson

(Macdonald)

Betty Struthers

(Montcalm)**V:A**

Audrey Esler
Ruth Harris
Nancy Gilmour
Mabel Warburton
Nancy Whitehead

(Rideau)

Elizabeth Partridge

V:B

Elizabeth Newcombe

Heather Muir
Jane Holt—no house

Joan Richmond

IV:A

Nancy Boyd

Frances Acheson

Janet Morrissey

SCHOOL CALENDAR

1935

Sept.	10	School reopened.
Sept.	14	Picnic on Windy Hill.
Oct.	4	Horse Show in Sherbrooke.
Oct.	24	Thanksgiving week-end.
Nov.	2	Hallowe'en Masquerade.
Nov.	9	Paul de Marky.
Nov.	10	Choir sang in Coaticook.
Nov.	23	Special Art Class visits R.C.A. exhibit in Montreal.
Nov.	27	School attends three plays at Bishop's University.
Dec.	8	Christmas Plays and Carols.
Dec.	14	End of Term.

1936

Jan.	15	School reopened.
Feb.	15	Earle Spicer, baritone.
Feb.	24	Half-term holiday.
Mar.	4	Sleigh ride.
Mar.	21	Basketball match in Sherbrooke, vs Y.W.C.A.
April	4	Return match.
April	8	End of term.
April	21	School reopened.
May	3	Lecture on the Peace River by Miss Price.
May	13	Lecture by Archdeacon Holmes.
May	18	Music examinations.
May	23	School gives three plays.
May	24	Empire Day holiday.
May	30	Confirmation.
June	8	Closing.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY 1935-1936**Girls**

- Acheson, Fl.—Britannia Heights, P.O., Ont.
Acheson, Fr.—Britannia Heights P.O., Ont.
Ahearn, L.—450 Daly Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
Baldwin, D.—15 Severn Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Bateman, B.—3 St. Edmund's Drive, Toronto, Ont.
Berry, A.—Windsor Mills, P.Q.
Boyd, N.—3418 Stanley St., Montreal, P.Q.
Campbell, K.—6 Ste. Marie St., Levis, P.Q.
Cann, C.—Apt. 4864, Côte des Neiges Rd., Montreal, P.Q.
Cate, B.—North Hatley, P.Q.
Cole, H.—211 Brown Ave., Quebec, P.Q.
Cowan, J.—262 North Vidal St., Sarnia, Ont.
Creighton, A.—325 Stewart St., Ottawa, Ont.
Davis, M.—109 South Portland Ave., Ventnor, N.J.
Dickison, M.—4462 Western Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Dodds, R.—58 Belvedere Rd., Westmount, P.Q.
Esler, A.—“Gleneagles,” 3940 Côte des Neiges Rd., Montreal, P.Q.
Finnie, D.—Arnprior, Ont.
Flintoft, G.—4305 Montrose Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Flynn, F.—3772 Vendome Ave., Montreal, P.Q.
Fowler, M.—610 Argyle Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Freeman, P. A.—2070 Lincoln Ave., Montreal, P.Q.
Gilmour, N.—173 Hartley St., Brockville, Ont.
Greene, M.—Ancaster, Ont.
Harrington, J.—24 Ramezay Rd., Westmount, P.Q.
Harris, R.—148 Brock Ave. N., Montreal West, P.Q.
Haskell, B.—420 Fowler Ave., Pelham Manor, N.Y.
Hodgson, J.—322 Redfern, Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Holden, E.—240 East 79th St., New York, N.Y.
Holland, M.—2182 Lincoln Ave., Montreal, P.Q.
Holt, J.—1245 Redpath Crescent, Montreal, P.Q.
Howard, W.—28 Summit Crescent, Westmount, P.Q.
Jones, J.—St. George's Rectory, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Kerrigan, N.—500 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Kuehner, P.—334 North Steele Rd., West Hartford, Conn.
LaCaille, J.—Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, P.Q.
Luton, R.—Military Hospital, Cogswell St., Halifax, N.S.
Merrill, J.—529 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, P.Q.

- Merrill, P.—529 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Moffatt, F.—57 Elkins Ave., East Sherbrooke, P.Q.
Morrissey, J.—3275 Cedar Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Muir, H.—36 Holton Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Newcombe, E.—585 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
Olive, B.—c-o Canadian Celanese Ltd., Drummondville, P.Q.
Partridge, E.—165 Edgehill Rd., Westmount, P.Q.
Paterson, M.—324 Tillow Rd., South Orange, N.J.
Payan, K.—309 Girouard St., St. Hyacinthe, P.Q.
Pease, R.—76 Nelson St., Brantford, Ont.
Pepler, L.—95 Wesley St., Toronto, Ont.
Pepler, S.—95 Wesley St., Toronto, Ont.
Porteous, G.—1461 Mountain St., Montreal, P.Q.
Porteuos, G.—1461 Mountain St., Montreal, P.Q.
Rea, M. C.—1529 MacGregor St., Montreal, P.Q.
Reid, B.—113 Maple Ave., Shawinigan Falls, P.Q.
Renouf, M.—Grand River, Gaspé, P.Q.
Richardson, P.—Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Richmond, B.—"Shorelands," Greenwich, Conn.
Richmond, J.—"Shorelands," Greenwich, Conn.
Ritchie, A.—693 Notre Dame St., Three Rivers, P.Q.
Robb, J.—659 Belmont Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Russell, E.—"Hillcrest," Matane, P.Q.
Smith, F.—85 Elgin St., Granby, P.Q.
St. Laurent, M.—239 Grand Allée, Quebec, P.Q.
Struthers, B.—1414 Drummond St., Montreal, P.Q.
Taylor, E.—Rothesay, N.B.
Thompson, J.—17 Chilton Pl., Hamilton, Ont.
Thomson, F.—28 Learmonth Ave., Quebec, P.Q.
Warburton, M.—28 Windsor Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Ward, M.—25 Belvidere St., Lennoxville, P.Q.
White, J.—603 Besserer St., Ottawa, Ont.
Whitehead, A.—12 Forden Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Whitehead, M.—12 Forden Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Wigle, A.—194 Park St. S., Hamilton, Ont.
Wood, H.—25 Holton Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Woodyatt, B.—3197 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.

Staff

- Briggs, Miss E.—King's Hall, Compton, Que.
Flood, Miss M.—Canadian Celanese, Drummondville, Que.
Gould, Mrs. S.—The Studio, 6 Crescent Road, Toronto, Ont.
Hall, Miss M.—Lennoxville, Que.
Huntley, Miss R.—King's Hall, Compton, Que.
Jones, Miss E.—Bedford, Que.
Keyzer, Miss G.—148 Elmwood Road, Swampscott, Mass.
L'Hôte, Madame—Main Street, Lennoxville, Que.
Masten, Miss M.—Lacolle, Que.
MacCallum, Miss—King's Hall, Compton, Que.
Rootham, Miss C.—Wyndhurst, Barnstaple, North Devon, England.
Sampson, Miss V. D.—Sidbury, Sidmouth, England.
Stansfield, Miss E.—3182 Westmount Boulevard, Westmount, Que.
Wainwright, Miss D.—695 Queen Street, Fredricton, N.B.



BARBARA BATEMAN
Piqué
Dorothy Parker Powder



ANN CREIGHTON
Tweeds. Rhythm, Swimming
pools. Wide Leather Belts.



GRACE FLINLOFT
Portia. Deep water.
Crystal. Olives.



FLORENCE FLYNN
Wind. Sea water. Fields
of wheat. Cowboys.



BARBARA HASKELL
Ginger-bread. A fawn.
Indian prints. Fifth Avenue.



REA PEASE
Cream puffs. Powder blue.
Ballads. Sincerity.



JANET PORTEOUS
Poppies. Rye bread. Beaches
with striped parasols. Dinner
Dancing.



PEGGY RICHARDSON
Smocking. Buns.
Primroses. Cricket.



JUNE WHITE
Peaches and cream.
Smoke rings. Roadster.
A Bundy drawing.



HELEN WOOD
Silk dresses. Wax. High
heels. Reader's Digest.

PREFECTS



BETTY WOODYATT
Red Setters. Open wood-fire.
Rust. Infectious laughter.



Front row (l to r): J. Porteous, P. Richardson,
H. Wood.
Second row (l to r): A. Creighton, B. Bateman,
B. Woodyatt.
At the back: G. Flintoft.

STE. LUCIE DE DONCASTER

Imagine that you are now on a country road approaching a small village in the Laurentian Mountains. The sun is just setting ahead of you. On your left is a farm surrounded by fields, while on your right is a muddy lake on which are several small boats. Ahead of you can be seen the yellow road, now the cross on the village church gleaming in the rays of the dying sun. Then, as you draw nearer, there are more buildings, houses with boxes of geraniums in the windows, the village inn with its signs for ale, the tiny post office, a meeting place for all the surrounding people, and then the priest's house nestled among fir trees close by the church. Such is the view of a French Canadian village at sunset.

Florence Flynn.

WINDY LAKE

Windy Lake on a fair, warm day
Is kind and blue, and upon her
Sailing boats will often play;
While up above the seagulls stir
Each going its own separate way.

Windy Lake, when the cold waves frown
Is cruel and black, and into her
Boats will sink and men go down;
While all around the cold winds whirr
As though too glad to see men drown.

Windy Lake, when the night storms rage
Is wide and black, and around her
Mysterious winds great battles wage;
While up on high the noises whirr,
And daylight coming seems an age.

Windy Lake, on a cool, sweet night,
Is soft and dark and over her
The moon-beams shine with silver light,
While overhead, the black bats blur
The stars, that speed in secret flight.

—Betty Cate, VI A.

THEME SONGS OF THE STAFF

Miss Gillard	- - -	You're the top.
Miss Keyzer	- - -	You're a builder upper.
Miss Wainwright	- -	Take a number from one to ten.
Miss Jones	- - -	Everything's been done before.
Miss Stansfield	- -	Smilin' thru'.
Miss Hall	- - - -	Sweet and Low.
Miss Sampson	- - -	I don't want to make History.
Miss Rootham	- - -	The music goes round and round.
Miss Huntley	- - -	Now you've "got" me doin "it."
Mrs. Gould	- - - -	In a cottage small.
Miss Briggs	- - -	I'm young and healthy.
Miss MacCallum	- -	I'm putting all my eggs in one basket.
Miss Flood	- - -	Sign on the dotted line.
Miss Masten	- - -	You ought to be in pictures.
Staff Room	- - -	Smoke gets in your eyes.

—Phoebe Anne Freeman, VI-A.

—Pam Merrill, VI-A.

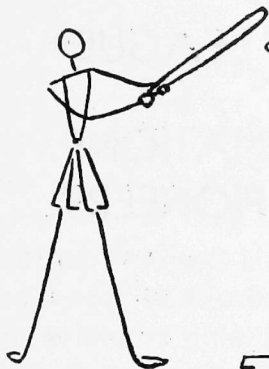
A THOUGHT AT NIGHT

When I got out of bed one night,
 I thought I saw a tiny light
 Shining through the garden bowers,
 As though God meant it for the flowers,
 To make them come up in the night,
 And in the morning find them bright.

Then I crept slowly back to bed,
 With this thought in my funny head:
 I wished that I could fly away
 Up to that pretty little light.
 And how it happened I thought as I lay
 When I got out of bed one night.

—Jane Holt, V-B.

MATRICS 1936



JUNIE



BETTY WOODYATT



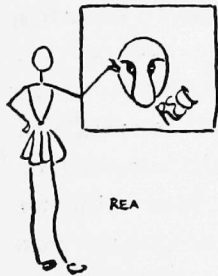
HELEN WOOD



BAR HASKELL



JANET



REA



GRACE



BOBBY



ANN



PEGGY



FLO FLYNN
&
"LEOPOLD"



LEAGUE OF NATIONS PIONEERS

This Society had the pleasure this year of welcoming a number of new members from among the girls who joined King's Hall, Compton, in the autumn term. In the course of the year, we have had three debates, one being specially for the Junior forms. Some very good entries for the Poster Competition were received, Phoebe Anne Freeman's won the prize, "The Cross of Peace" by Philip Gibbs. Another success was Ruth Harris' winning \$1.50 in a competition for a story illustrating the miseries of war, arranged by "The Crusader" in Toronto.

Several girls are in correspondence with foreign members in Germany and Italy and have received friendly and interesting letters. Two talks were given in the course of the year on "Armaments and Disarmament," and "The League's work in the Drug Traffic, Health and Slavery." We have all followed with interest the League's efforts to deal with the Italo-Ethiopian conflict.

—V. D. S.

THE MISERY OF WAR

I am a horse that rode in the war. I was young then, but I shall always remember the terrible life I lived. I saw human beings, and some of my own friends die on the battle field. My master was a soldier that fought in the war. Nearly every day he used to come to me and speak to me very kindly, and then he would go away to fight against the enemy. Sometimes when there was less fighting going on, my master would come and speak to me very tenderly, and then he would sit down and write things on paper. Every few minutes he looked at me with tears in his eyes. I do not know what he was doing, but I believe he was thinking of home.

One day he came running up to the stables, and he was very excited about something. I soon knew why he was so excited, because he saddled me hurriedly, and then I cantered towards the front. My master tied me to a post where there were a few other horses, and then he dashed off to fight. Hours passed, and I watched the brave men fighting, and the smoke that filled the air. My companions' masters came and went away with their horses, and soon I was standing by myself in the dark, awful night. I shall never forget the loneliness, the misery, and the dreadful fear that my master would never return, that I suffered that night. The sun was just climbing into the sky when a man came up to me and rode away with me. He was my master after that, and although he was very kind to me, he was never the same as my old master.

Now, I am an old horse. I live on a farm where I am very well looked after. I very often think of my old master that I lost in the war, and sometimes I wish I had gone with him, too.

—R. Harris, V A.

THE WAR POEMS

The poems of the war give us the picture of what modern war is. They put before us in simple language the terrible system men have for killing one another. They also show a pathetic picture of the marks war leaves behind.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful poems is "Into Battle":

"And he is dead who will not fight,
And who dies fighting has increase."

Another of the most lovely is "Clouds." It shows the bewilderment of a nation, its whole theme is, why? Why must this happen:

"Because a million voices call
Across the earth, distractedly,
Because the thrones of reason fall
And beautiful battalions die,
My mind is like a madrigal
Played on a lute long since put by."

The great poem of the War has not yet been written, but the poems of these men who faced the horrors of war, will live to tell coming generations of their sufferings.

—B. E. Struthers, V A.

LETTERS FROM FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miriam:

I received your letter and from the description that you make me of your person and of your customs, I seem already to know you some.

I am fifteen years old, I am tall a metre one and fifty-three centimetres, I weigh forty-seven killos, I have hair and eyes dark. I have like very much picture of you school, and I hand upon your picture.

In my letter I shall sent you my picture.

I live in a city of the Campagna, Salerno washed by the Tirreno. It is a pritty city.

I have four sisters and two brothers, one of them live in America in Wilmington, Del. I have more parents in America, but all in the United States, those acquaintances they not are parents mine.

I frequent the fourth Gimnasium and I study Italian, Latin, Greek, English, Geographia, Istory, Matematich, Gymnastics.

I make much gymnastics and many sports. I play with passion tennis, I lake much to attend a games fox and hare hunting. Now I not take part, because I am still small.

I become very a game of foot-ball and do you?

My father is a professor of the educated that I frequent. I study also music and do you?

I bed you perdon for having delayed in answering your letter owed in consequence of school.

Seek you to be indulgence judging my written consider you that it are as soon as three years that I study English.

I should be very grateful if in next letter you will tell me mistakes that I have make.

Consider me your friend,

Vincenzina.

Merry Christmas and New Year's day.

Bad-Kosen, 26, 4. 1936.

Dear Elizabeth:

I was very pleased to get your letter with the photograph and the postcard, and I think your school is very fine. I also think that you can the German write very good, because you are learning it nearly a year. In Germany the weather is very queer. Sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines. Do you learn French at school now? We are learning it, but I like the English better. Have you a bicycle and can you ride it? I have also ones, and I also ride with my friends on it. Now I will write in German.

Ich war gestern mit ein paar Freundinnen in Weimar im Theater. Es wurde "Der Wildschütz" von Lortzing gegeben. Es hat mir ausserordentlich gefallen. Weimar ist eine berühmte Stadt. Dort wurden die berühmten Dichter Schiller und Goethe geboren und haben auch später da gelebt und gewirkt. Hast du schon von ihnen gehört? Ich gehe auch sehr gern in das Kino, und habe mir schon viele Filme angesehen. In der letzten Zeit sah ich unter anderem einen schönen Film mit Lilian Harvey. Er heisst "Schwarze Rosen." Er kommt sicher auch nach Amerika, und du mußt ihn dir bestimmt ansehen. Ich gehe nächstes Jahr auch von der Schule ab, und komme dann in ein Pensionat. Ich habe die Schule dann auch satt. Ich schicke dir ein kleines Bildchen mit, das ich gezeichnet habe. Zeichne mir doch bitte auch eins. Habt ihr ein Auto? Wir haben eins, und ich fahre sehr gern darin. Ich lege in den Brief noch ein paar Blumen ein. Es sind deutsche Frühlingsblumen. Die Blauen heissen Veilchen und die Gelbe Himmelschlüssel.

Nun auf Wiedersehen!

Herzliche Grüsse von deiner.

P.S. Please write soon.

Beim Aufstehen

Ich denke dasz die Stunde um welche wir aufstehen vielleicht eine der qualvollsten des ganzen Tages ist. Erstens gibt es immer die schreckliche Warnung der herannahenden Glocke. Ich kann immer die schweren Schritte der Magd horen wenn sie sich dem Fusze der Treppe nahert—ihr schnelles Hinaufsteigen und des erste Klingeln der Glocke. Es wird immer lauter und dringt sich durch unsere Traume. Es gibt immer die schreckliche Verwirklichung dasz noch ein Tag vor uns liegt. Allemahlig werden meine Gedanken klardie Glocke hat geklungen! Die kalte Luft weht quer uber den nackten Fuszboden. Wer will das Fenster zumachen? Ich fasse meine Gedanken zusammen und mache das Fenster zu Gerade in diesem Augenblick tont eine Stimme hinaus—"Die Glocke wird nach drei Minuten klingeln" Ich werfe meine Kleiden hin und her—ich streue mein Bettzeug uber den Fuszboden und breche durch die Tur. Welche Sorgen und Trubsale bestehe ich wahrend dieser letzten Momente vor dem Fruhstuck.

—Barbara Haskell, Matric.

THE PLAYS AGAIN—

Whiz-z-z-z! the plays are back again. The same hectic rush and muddle and last-minute preparations. Let's go through some of those whirling hours.

The rising bell rings. One poor, nervous wretch awakens with a start. Her first words are, "Oh, it makes me shiver to think of tonight. I shall be humiliated if I forget a word, and I know I shall." The only comforting thought for her is that she won't be the only one.

The hours creep on. The girl in charge of stage properties wipes her dripping brow, after ascending the gym stairs the fortieth(?) time, laden with chairs, carpets, and even Miss Gillard's best coffee cups, which was a nerve-racking process, I'm sure. Thoughts flitted across her mind. "Why do I have to lose weight on these stairs when J. or F. would be glad to take my place? Hump, it'll be the end of me if one of those cups break. Why didn't I bring the kitchen mugs? Oh, well, I have the satisfaction of knowing that my efforts are part of the play."

More haste, less speed, is ever true. "Only two hours to dress. Drastic! Impossible! What do they think we are?"

However, the deed is accomplished. Anyone with a talent for making up, or making mud pies, (men's faces) is welcome. The more people working at one's face the more important one feels. But just have a look in the mirror—Well!

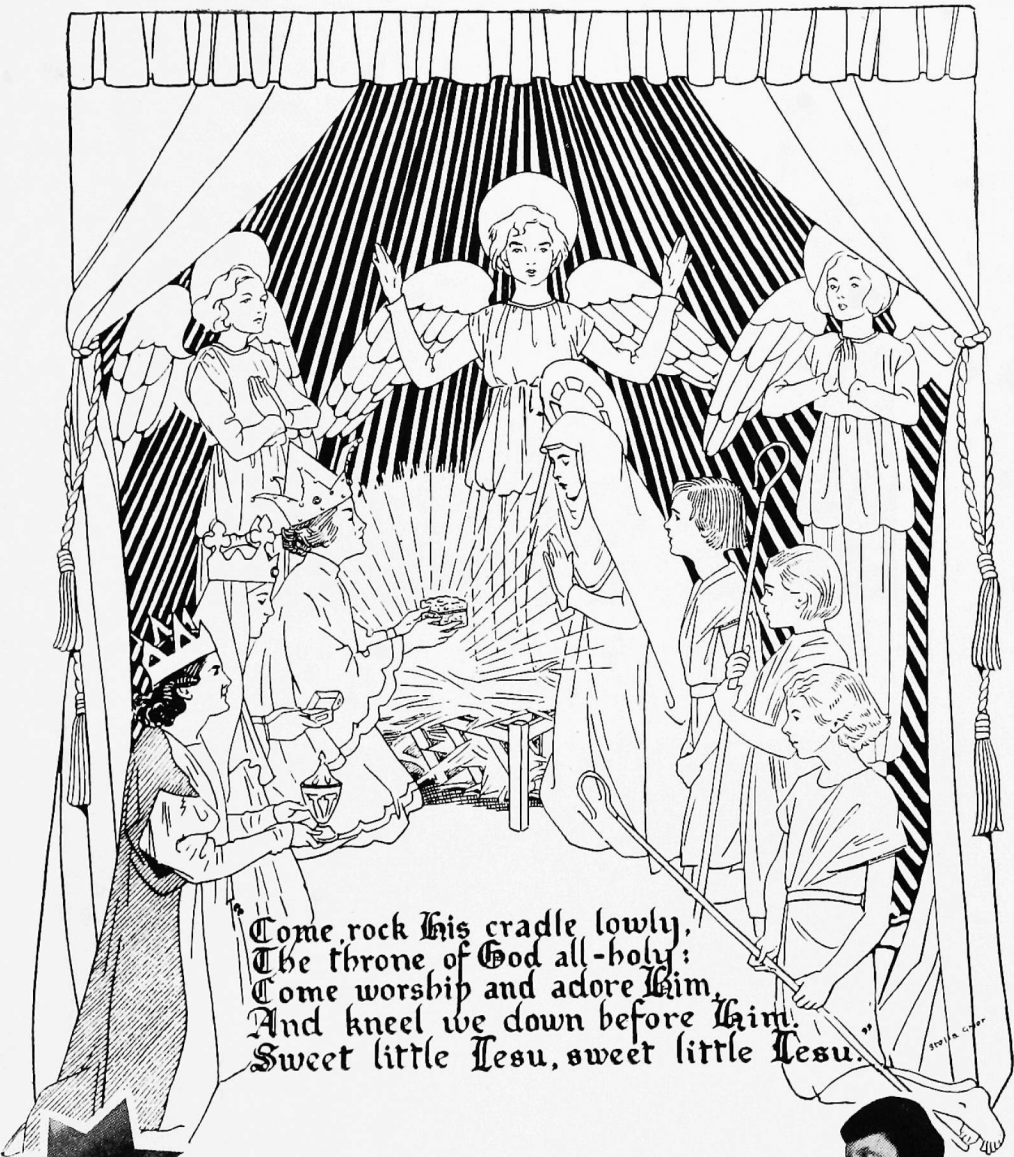
Guests are arriving. "Horrors! What will Y.Z. at Bishop's think of me when I look like this, fifty years old at least?" says J. R. and her heart skips a beat.

All the Y.Z.s, etc., are assembled in orderly rows in the gym, but all is far from orderly, behind the scenes. I have never yet known an evening's entertainment that went off without any hitches, and would never want to, for there is nothing like a little spice in the pie.

The worry of my life that night was the cherished coffee cups. At one point I heard an unmistakable crash of one of them, and I can't say exactly what happened to my heart at that moment.

However, my discomfort was nothing compared to that of the Mad Hatter, in "Alice in Wonderland," who was painfully breathing in a tight jacket. She wasn't going to risk having to sew on the buttons afterwards. In this same play, the mock-turtle had noticeable difficulty with his mouth, and had to prop it up with a hand.

"Ile," a very dramatic play, taxed not only mind, but body of A. and B. for they had rather a frantic time, squashed behind the table, owing partly to their size, but also to the misplacing of the table.



Come rock his cradle lowly,
The throne of God all-holy;
Come worship and adore him,
And kneel we down before him,
Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.





A scene from "Alice in Wonderland"
 The Gryffin—Elizabeth Patridge Alice—Ruth Harris
 The Mock Turtle—Betty Struthers



"Little Black Sambo"
 Little Black Sambo—Frances Acheson
 The Tiger—Joan Richmond and Elizabeth Newcombe

"They're None of them Perfect" was amusing, particularly so to the actresses in it, as I afterwards heard. This play used the sacred coffee cups, which seemed to those who held them, to rattle alarmingly. A. practically had a coffee bath, when P's hand shook more than usual. I was also told that the peppermints (which were mostly consumed beforehand) presented many difficulties, the only thing to do was to bite them, with a loud crack, or else get caught with a huge lump in the mouth, while trying to speak.

"'Op-o-me-Thumb" had a funny incident, when D., by no means on the small size, fell into the laundry basket a little too far, and had an agonized and embarrassing moment while trying to get out.

One cool-headed member of "The Neighbours" finished knitting a hat, behind the scenes; that shows no doubt the peace of mind of one who knows her part.

After the release of mental strain everyone goes haywire, rushing around, congratulating the caste, who were apparently, "Marvelous!" "Colossal!" "Perfect!" as well as a great many slang expressions.

Food—is the next thought, plentiful and unusually good. Those who have a lack of appetite at the time, use all their ingenuity in smuggling some upstairs, but these are in the minority, for the usual result is a sleepless and painful night.

Then all the Xs and Ys depart after many backward glances at the dazzling beauties(?) and the poor wretched girls of the morning, are wretched no more, as they hop into bed.

—Pam Merrill, VI-A.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

During this past year music has taken a prominent part in our activities. Some of the pupils have performed between class plays, thus making a pleasant break in the evening's programme. Miss Gillard very kindly took a group of us into Sherbrooke to hear the Don Cossack choir this autumn. Never have I heard male voices blend so perfectly into harmony as these.

Our next surprize was the week-end visit of Mr. Paul de Marky. He gave us a concert on Saturday evening, and on Sunday afternoon he kindly played some requests, telling us interesting facts concerning certain of the pieces. Four of the music pupils were asked to play for him, and we were glad that we could show our gratitude to Mr. de Marky in this small way.

During the second term, Earle Spicer, a concert baritone, came to visit us. He sang an interesting and charming assortment of English ballads. The hall was filled with the rich and powerful qualities of his voice, and we were all delighted to have had the pleasure of having him. Two of the songs which were especially liked were "Billy Boy" and "Shortenin' Bread." They were both sung in dialect, and had very interesting stories.

On the first Sunday night of each term we have "sing-songs," which are always enjoyed by those present. The staff sometimes join in and it is to their part of the performance that we look forward so eagerly.

—Janet Harrington, Arts.

DRAMATICS

The following plays were given during the past year. They were all most successfully produced under the able direction of Miss Masten, who teaches dramatics throughout the school. The scenery and costumes were made in the studio, under the direction of Mrs. Gould.

The prize for the best play, an etching, was won by VI-A.

Christmas Term: Matric—The Florist Shop; VI-A—The Beau of Bath, Disraeli, and Joint-owners in Spain; VI-B—Make Believe; V-A—The Gooseherd and the Goblins; V-B and IV-A—The Knave of hearts.

Easter Term: Matric—Ile, and Not Quite Such a Goose; VI-A—Neighbours, They're None of Them Perfect, and 'Op o' me Thumb; Arts—The Trysting Place, and a skit; V-A—Scenes from Alice in Wonderland; V-B and IV-A—Little Black Sambo (dialogue written by the children themselves).

Summer Term. On May 23 three of the above plays: The Florist Shop, 'Op o' me Thumb, and Alice in Wonderland, were chosen to be repeated for a larger audience. They were all very well received, though "Alice" was perhaps the most popular owing to the excellent costumes, the delightful acting of Ruth Harris as Alice, and the charming singing of Betty Struthers, the Mock Turtle.

THE TRIP OF THE HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE CLASS TO SHERBROOKE

There was a great commotion on Tuesday, May 12, when the Household Science class raced upstairs to get dressed for their trip to Sherbrooke to see the bakery and dairy. Some went with Miss Keyzer and some in a taxi, but everybody arrived at the bakery in great excitement at the prospect ahead of them. Mr. Allatt greeted us, and then proceeded to show us how the cakes, bread and buns were cooked and the different processes they went through. A very fascinating machine was the doughnut maker, the way in which the doughnuts were dropped into grease, floated around a circle, flipped over, and then out, was positively amazing. After everything had been viewed, we sampled some of the delicious cakes and cookies along with ice cream, which was, of course, very much appreciated by all the girls. And so to the dairy where Mr. Armitage first gave us a short resumé of how the dairy procedure is conducted. He then took us through the different rooms where the milk is pasteurized, including the laboratory which was very interesting. Upstairs, where the butter was made, proved another interesting feature. Unfortunately we did not have time to see the dairy horses, but I am sure we could have gone on all day seeing different things to do with the dairy. Again we were given an excellent tea which I think we ate just as heartily as the first. Once more we got into the cars and sped schoolward full of marvellous things to tell unlucky girls who did not go.

—D. Finnie, Arts.

THE WIND

How soft the wind blows through the trees,
She's whispering, I know,
Of caverns deep, beneath the sea,
Where tall weeds wave, so quietly,
Where mermaids swim, so wild and free,
Of this she tells, I know.

And then she speaks of fairy lands,
Where elves and gnomes, at night,
Form fairy rings, and fairy bands
Play tinkling music; and pale strands
Of moon-glow light the golden sands
Where fairies dance: I'm sure I'm right.

Of all these things the wind tells me,
And many, many more;
So I turn to bed, and in a while
I sleep, and in my dreams, I smile
For I see fairies, dancing, mile on mile
And the sea's their dancing floor!

—Rea Pease, Matric.

A PARODY

'To be sung to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers."
Onward King's Hall school-girls,
Marching up to prayers,
Don't forget your hymn books,
Or your psalters.
You are very welcome
To sit in the choir,
But, oh my darlings, you must bellow
Higher and still higher.
Onward King's Hall school-girls,
Marching up the stairs,
When you're in the gym,
You will say your prayers.

—Betty Olive, VI-A.

DOINGS IN THE STUDIO

There has been a good deal of activity in the studio this year, and a great deal of variety in the things we have done. In connection with the school plays much has been accomplished, the studio being responsible for costumes, masks and scenery.

The juniors have done some good work in connection with their plays, such as posters in which coloured paper was substituted for paint. They also went in for box painting. The VI-Bs did some extremely good masks and experimented with miniature gardens.

The Arts form has done some excellent work in the line of leather work, box-painting, gesso and wood carving on boxes and picture frames.

On Tuesday afternoons a group from VI-A has had special art lessons. We started by doing large vegetable posters of enormous, juicy vegetables and smiling people. These were hung in the household-science room for the poor Arts form to gaze at all year. We enjoyed doing them anyway. We also tried our hand at sports posters, play posters, etc. Later on we went in for anatomy and drew endless skeletons in varied attitudes, which were of great use to us in drawing from life.

On Saturday mornings a small group of budding artists from VI-A and Matric has met in the studio, feeling confident at first, but soon realizing our inefficiency. We have learned a great deal this year, thanks to Mrs. Gould, and three girls are trying their art matric in June. With the assistance of girls who posed for us, we have had some good practice in figure drawing. We would like to extend thanks and gratitude to these victims who posed for hours in painful positions. In our Saturday morning classes we have done various types of posters, water colours, and quick sketches.

Last fall we went on several sketching expeditions until we were driven indoors by freezing weather. We hope to resume these trips this spring, weather permitting.

—E. Holden, VI A.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

This year our basketball team proved very successful.

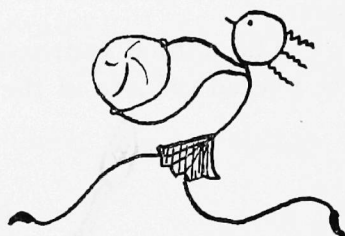
We played two outside games, against the Sherbrooke Y.W.C.A. and "The Study" of Montreal. At both places we were royally entertained by our opponents. When we went to Sherbrooke, we had a delicious supper before the game. After it we all went in for a swim which was followed by coffee and sandwiches. In all we had a grand time and enjoyed ourselves immensely.

After our game with "The Study," in Montreal, we all went to the school, where a delightful tea was served.

The results of the games were as follows:
Y. W. C. A. 22, K. H. C. 65; Y. W. C. A. 24, K. H. C. 45; Study 15, K. H. C. 51.

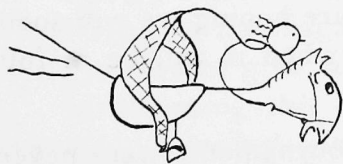
Teams:

Side centre, Janet Porteous; jumping centre, Roma Dodds; forwards: Ann Wigle, Ann Creighton; guards: Betty Richmond, Sally Pepler; subs: Audrey Berry, Lyn Pepler, Marjorie Paterson, Claire Cann.



RIDING AND SWIMMING

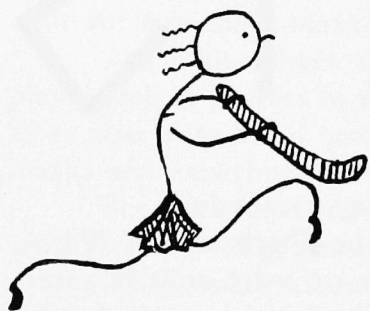
Riding is a favourite sport with many. We have several very keen riders. There are three very good horses, "Barney", "Prince", and "Dolly," the latter being a new horse which we got at the end of last term. We also have a groom, who is exceptionally good with the horses and who goes out riding with the girls.



Very few of us had a chance to swim this year, with the exception of a group or two who went in September. But unfortunately we had measles during the last term, so no one was able to go.

HOCKEY

This year we played hockey a great deal more than in previous years, in fact I think I may safely say that we played it nearly every afternoon during the first term, as that is when we play it the most.



There were many girls who had not played before, but with practice and Miss Keyzer's help, they soon improved, and many of them are now very good players.

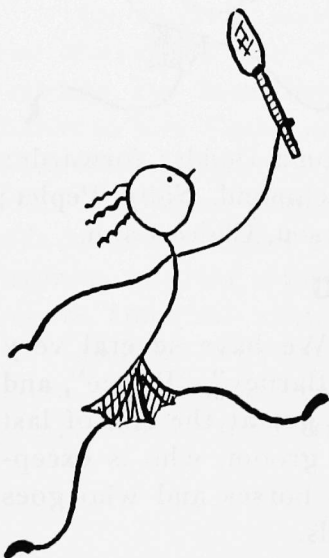
We had our House matches at the end of the term, and the results were as follows:

Rideau, 2 vs MacDonald, 0; Montcalm, 3 vs MacDonald, 2; Montcalm, 2 vs Rideau, 1.

BADMINTON AND TENNIS

Badminton was again a very popular sport, played during the winter.

The annual tournaments, in which everyone took great interest, were played off late in the term. The results were as follows:



Winners:

Senior Singles: J. Porteous

Senior Doubles: H. Cole and J. Harrington

Junior Singles: R. Harris

Junior Doubles: R. Harris and E. Partridge

Runners-up:

Senior Singles: J. Harrington

Senior Doubles: E. Russell and J. Porteous

Junior Singles: A. Esler

Junior Doubles: N. Boyd and A. Esler

We have not had very good weather so far for tennis, but we are hoping we will soon have some nice days, when it will be in full swing once again.

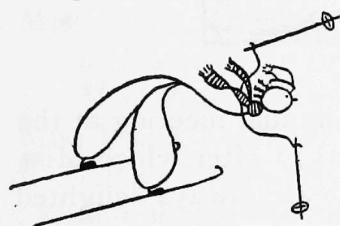
Owing to weather conditions last year's tournaments were never completed, and this year's have not yet been played off, consequently I will not be able to make any report on them.

BASEBALL

In the spring we played baseball nearly every afternoon, and we all enjoyed it very much. We started playing House matches, but were unable to finish, owing to bad weather.

SKIING AND SKATING

This year the winter weather was exceptionally good for both skiing and skating, as it was very cold, and we had plenty of snow.

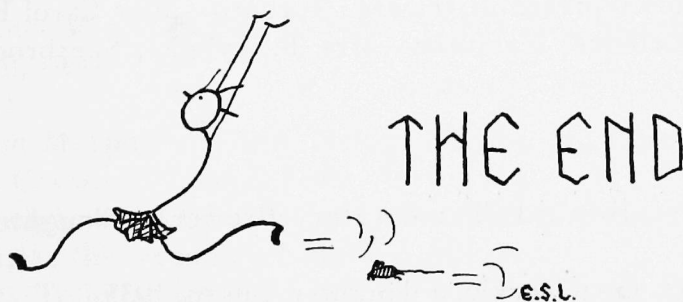


The rink was very good again this year, thanks to Jimmy's hard work, so everyone was able to have a great deal of fun on it.

Skiing on the good old farm hill was excellent this year, much better than it has been for the past few seasons, as there was so much more snow and cold weather. Several girls passed their ski tests. Ski-joring, and riding in the cutter were also very popular.

Miss Keyzer has spent a great deal of time helping us with our sports and gymnastics. Any success we have obtained in that direction is due entirely to her and I'm sure all the girls will join me in extending hearty thanks.

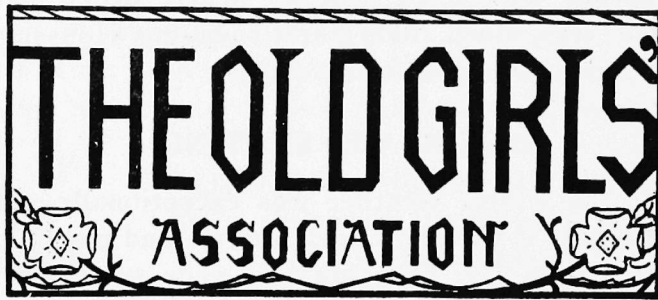
Claire Cann, Sports Captain.



COMPETITION

During the coming year we are holding a competition for a new cover design for the magazine. This competition is open to Old Girls as well as to present girls, and we hope for a great many entries.

In designing this cover we suggest changing the shape of the magazine, the present one being rather awkward from the point of view of type-setting. A shorter, wider magazine would be preferable.



King's Hall Old Girls Association held their annual meeting at the Themis Club on May 12. Luncheon was served at 1.15 after which Miss Gillard gave an informal talk about the school. We are always delighted to welcome Miss Gillard and it is largely through her that we "Old Girls" are able to keep in touch with all that goes on at King's Hall. The reunion for 1937 was discussed and everyone is hoping to attend. The present slate of officers is as follows:

President, Mrs. Holden; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. C. T. Teakle; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Wallace; Cor. Secretary, Mrs. R. McCabe; Rec. Secretary, Mrs. D. Campbell; Treasurer, Miss M. Starke; Board Representative, Miss M. Cochrane.

The branch representatives are: Toronto—Miss Carol Roy; Quebec—Miss F. Porteous; Hamilton—Mrs. F. Aylmer; Sherbrooke—Mrs. R. Call.

Montreal—

Births:

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Church (Mary Brewer) a daughter, Nancy, 1935.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Teakle, a daughter, Susan, 1935.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Lafleur, formerly Joy McGibbon, twins.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Laurie, née Iris Piddington, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. McCaw, formerly Florence Howard, a baby boy in April.

Marriages:

Audrey Shorey to T. Darling.

Mrs. W. S. Russell is now living in Montreal.

Milly Price is working at the Montreal Jaeger Shop.

Helen Price is also living in Montreal.

Mrs. Charles Napier, formerly Frances Fisher, has moved to Toronto.

Mrs. C. A. Paton is living in England near Taunton, Devonshire.

Hamilton—

Births:

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Tice (Jeannette Backus) a son, August 20, 1935. The engagement is announced of Eleanor Innes to Mr. Schofield of Seattle. The marriage to take place next October.

Also of Miss Sonia Henderson to Mr. Robert Sinclair of Woodstock.

Miss Audrey Henderson is playing in "Three Men on a Horse" in London, England.

Miss Mary Ambrose left Hamilton in March for a trip to New Zealand.

Miss Nonie Pirie has been visiting her sister Margaret in New Zealand and is returning via China and Japan in time to be a bridesmaid at Miss Ruth Glassco's wedding in Winnipeg.

Miss Diana Pease of Brantford has just returned from a trip to South Africa where she spent the winter. While there she did considerable flying, one trip lasting thirteen days from Cape Town to London.

The Hamilton Branch is very happy to welcome two new members—Marjorie Du Moulin and Dorothy Carswell.

Ottawa—

Births:

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Minnes (Nancy McCarthy) a daughter, December, 1935.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Scott (Audrey Gilmour) a son, Jan., 1936.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Roberts (Leila Learmouth) a daughter, April, 1936.

Marriages:

Maryon Murphy to Edgar Nelson Rhodes, Jr., December, 1935.

Diana Cowan to John S. Blair, April, 1936.

Mrs. Bonhnicht (Sybil Rhodes) of Washington, U.S.A., was matron of honour at the wedding of Maryon Murphy.

Miss Nancy Toller sailed in April for a cruise to South America.

Louise Farquier is studying singing in New York.

Barbara Bedford-Jones has been made convener of Infants' sewing for Ottawa General Hospital.

Joan Ahearn spent a year in England and has now returned home.

Mrs. Elmore Davis (Margaret Minnes) and Prudence Holbrook, members of the Minto Skating Club are again North American and Canadian Four Champions. During the winter they gave exhibitions in Philadelphia, New York, Lake Placid and Ottawa.

St. John, N.B.—

Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Taylor (Mary White) formerly of Sherbrooke has a daughter, Judith Mary, born April 3, 1936. She and her little daughter are spending the summer in Sherbrooke.

Toronto—

Mrs. C. Martin (Alida Starr) a son, November, 1935.

Quebec—

Births: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Scott (Helen Meredith) a son, Aug. 21, 1935.

Engagement: Betty Stephens to the Rev. James Barnett, the wedding to take place July 4.

Marjorie Barrow has completed her course at the Parker School for trained attendants and the six months' experience required for the diploma.

Our members are looking forward to the reunion next year and hope it can be arranged.

**Extracts from a letter describing a trip taken by Diana Pease
and her mother**

"We left Cape Town February 21 after a six o'clock breakfast. There was a lovely sunrise over the mountains and our last glimpse of Table Mountain was a beautiful one. After Kimberly, we reached Johannesburg, and next morning left at 4.15. Dawn was just breaking as we took off. From darkness to light is almost a miracle. The city looked too beautiful, and the mine dumps which are an eyesore by day looked like marne hills. There was also a rainbow and it was a lovely sight. . . . We flew over the Matopo Hills where Cecil Rhodes is buried.

"On account of storms ahead and poor visibility we flew low, which was thrilling as we saw so much wild life: thousands of gnus, eland, ostriches, zebra, giraffe and gazelles. The giraffes run like a slow motion movie. . . . The afternoon after leaving Entebbe was the most thrilling of my life. Suddenly we heard three bells ring and the plane dove suddenly to the left and started to drop. We all jumped up and there below was a tremendous herd of elephants; four to five hundred of them. There were lots of baby ones who ran close beside their mothers and one tremendous old ferocious fellow who kept behind tossing his head, trunk and tail. It was a marvellous sight. Khartoum was an interesting sight. We sat on a verandah overlooking the Nile and watched the camel caravans. Arabs astride small donkeys, their shoes

flopping as they jogged along and natives with their flowing robes of white, and turbanned heads. Women with their faces half covered.

"When we reached Luxor we had tea at once and set out for Thebes and the Tombs of the Kings. We went in to the tomb of the Kings. We went in to the tomb of Tutankhamen. Our guide lit some flares for us to see the carving on the walls and ceilings, which made one wonder how the men who carved them ever had had light enough all those centuries ago to do such beautiful work.

"On our arrival in Cairo we hired a car and a guide and drove out to the Pyramids. The Sphinx has been uncovered and is no longer just a head but a whole body. We visited the Museum also to see the relics from Tutankhamen's tomb. There was a large gallery filled with furniture, jewellery, clothes, food and seeds. Some of the seeds were planted and grew. The sarcophagus which was of solid gold was enclosed in seven different boxes all of which were wood with a thin veneer of gold. This is the only tomb ever discovered in Egypt which was never pilfered.

"In Alexandria we had our first view of war activities. The harbour was filled with warships, and there were soldiers everywhere.

"After Alexandria we changed to a large flying boat. Our next stop was at Mirabelle, Crete, to refuel, and then we went on to Athens. In Athens we visited the acropolis and saw the famous ruins of the Parthenon, Temple of Minerva. Mars Hill where Paul delivered his speeches to the Athenians. Beautiful buildings have been erected in Athens and it has many wide lovely streets. We saw the new palace of the king, and the former home of Princess Marina. We flew across the gulf of Corinth on leaving Athens and the view of snow-capped mountains, blue water, and tiny fishing boats was lovely. At Brindisi we were not very popular as Italy is very anti-British and the police and Fascist chief had to be called to aid us in getting safely away. The next afternoon we reached Milan and just had time to visit the Cathedral. It has the most beautiful windows. We finally reached Paris on March 4 where a disappointment awaited us. All planes had been cancelled on account of storms so we proceeded to London by boat and train. The end of a marvellous trip, one that none of us will ever forget. An experience of a lifetime."

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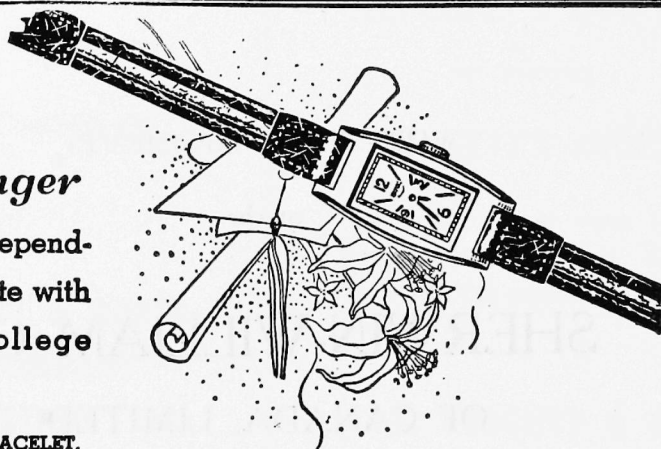
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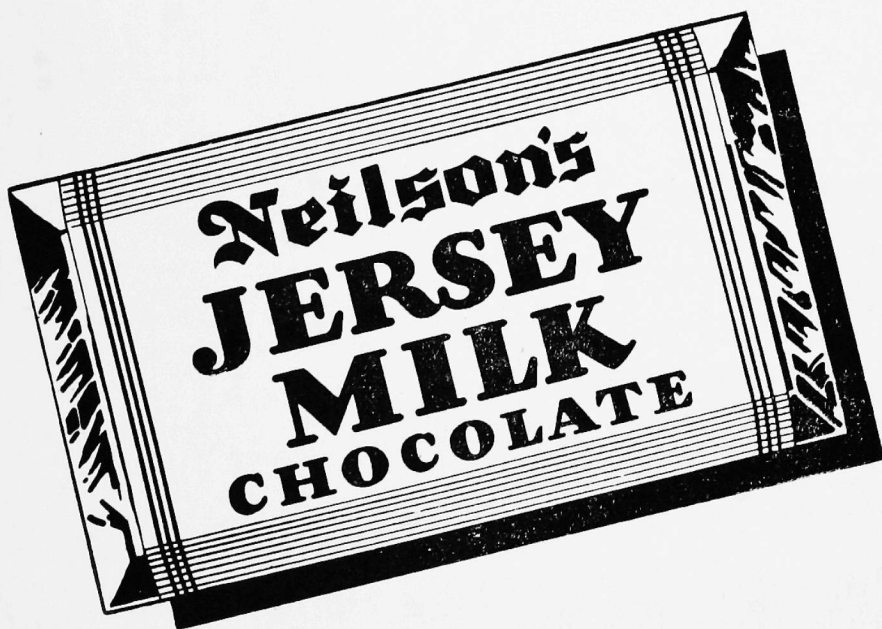
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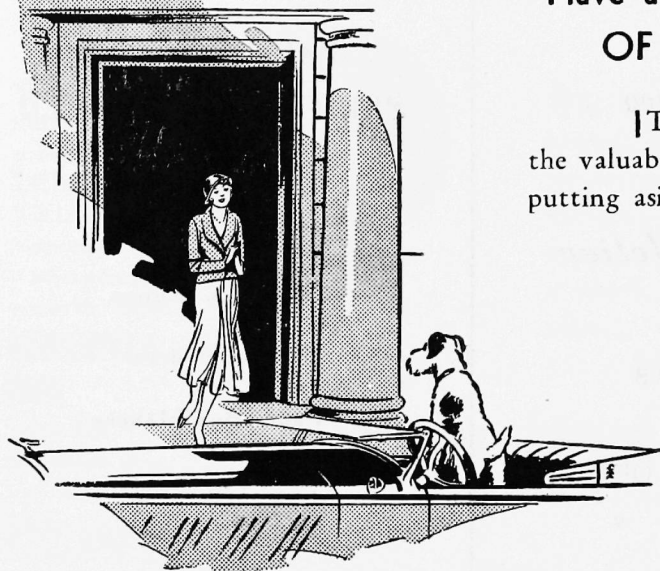
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